Clios Eutrapelia Vol I

1748

THE HAPPY SURPRIZE.

Affetuoso

While Autumn weighs down the late Year, and Harvest is thick on the Ground; the Grapes in thick Clusters appear, the Village with Plenty is crown'd, the Village with Plenty is crown'd.

I tell to the lone Woods my Grief,
For Laura so fair fled away
Nor Music can yield me Relief,
I sigh for her all the long Day

I rov'd o'er the once happy Plain,
The Woodlands and Vales in despair;
The Nightingale echo'd my Strain:
But Laura alas! was not there.

I turn'd from the Dew weeping Grove,
I saw her resplendent in Charms;
'Twas she, or the Goddess of Love:
'Twas Laura return'd to my Arms!

No longer my Fair One will stray:
Tho' Winter's approaches I see;
I bask on the Bosom of May,
'Twill always be summer with me.

LOVE'S ADMONITION.

Andante

While on earths soft lap descending, Lightly falls the

fea_ther'd snow; Na_ture an_ful_ly at_tending, Each rude

wind forbids to blow. White and pure awhile appearing Earth her

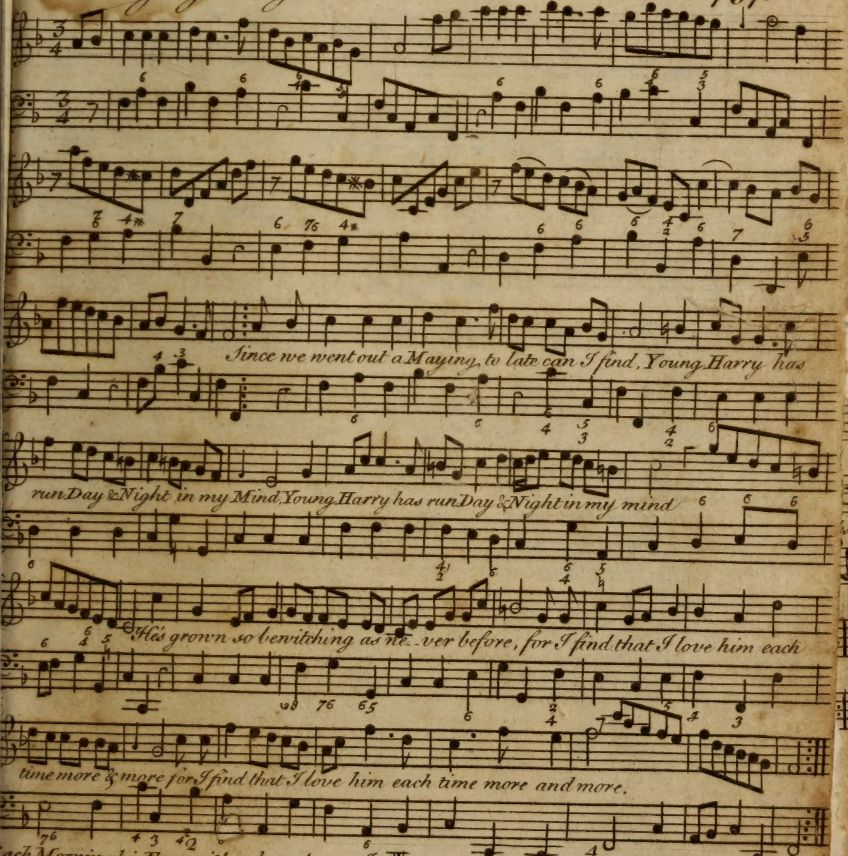
virgin man_tle wears; Soon the fickle Sea_son veering her de

lu_ded bo_som bares.

MIRA, thus while Health and Pleasure
O'er exulting Hearts poſsess,
Oh! how great the Lovers Treasure!
Oh! how fair is Natures Dreſs!
But the fading Landscape dying
May give place to scenes of Woes;
Joys alas! are ever flying;
Nought is certain here below.

B. Cole Sculp.

Sung by Miss Stevenson at Vauxhall, 1757.


Since we went out a Maying, to late can I find, Young Harry has
run Day & Night in my Mind Young Harry has run Day & Night in my mind
He's grown so bewitching as ne..ver before, for I find that I love him each
time more & more for I find that I love him each time more and more.

ach Morning his Face with what pleasure I see
ot my own at the Glass is so handsom to me.
m so vext I could cry when his Visit is o'er,
or help if I would but must love more & more.

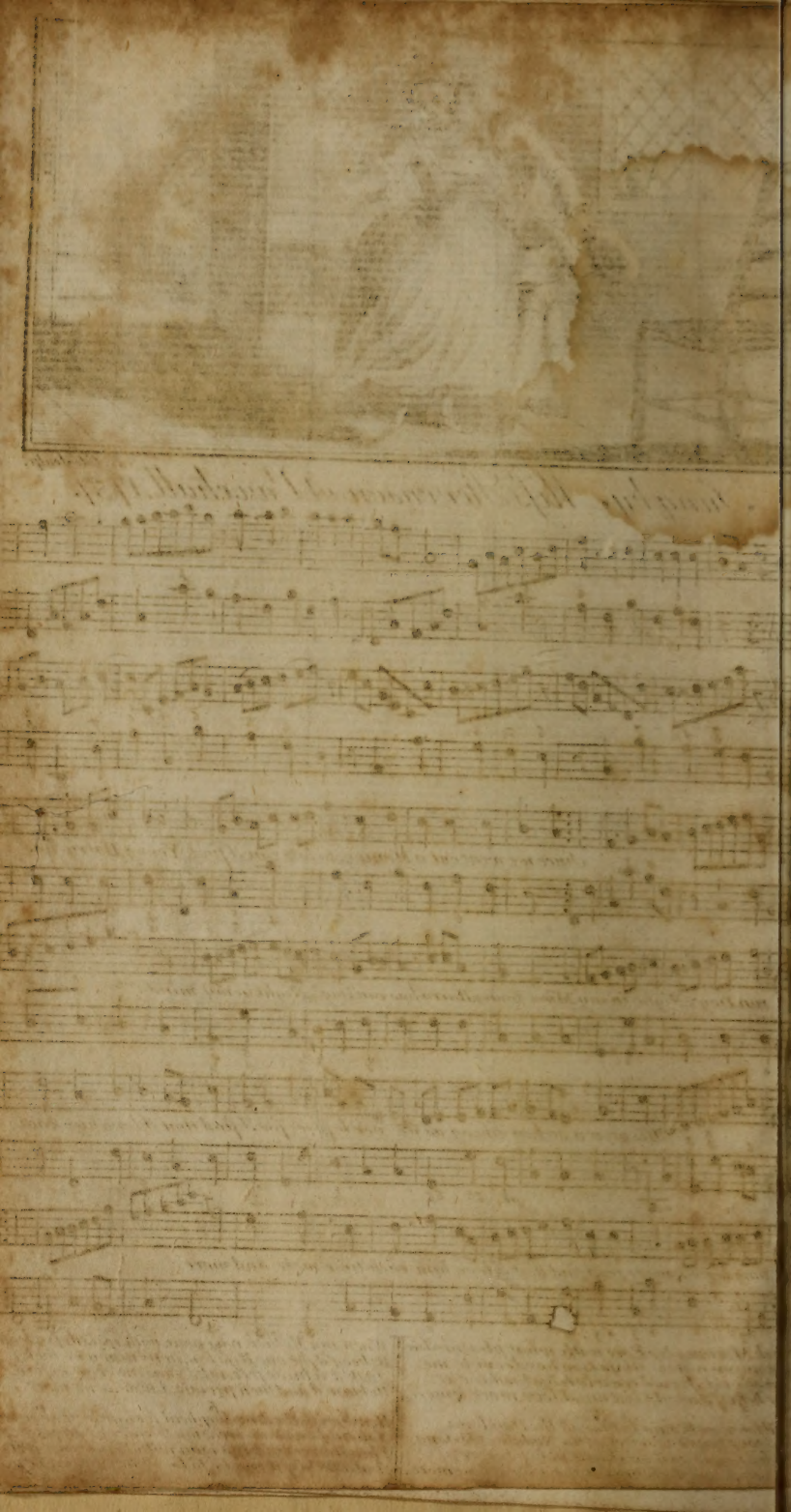
3

e'd have me to sing to him all the Day long,
nd says mine as sweet as the Nightingals Song,
ch praises as these I had never before,
ssure that he loves me, tho' him I love more.

When my Mother was gone, with resistless a look.
He begg'd for one Kiss but how many he took.
I ask'd why so free, who was ne'er so before,
He blush'd and then promis'd to do so no more.

5

How I wish the dear Shepherd for Life were all mine,
I should have no occasion to chide or to pine.
Then Harry my Lips may with Kisses run o'er
And I'll try if it can be, to love him still more.



B. Cole fculp.

The NUN.

Sung by Miſs Stevenson at Vaux Hall.

Preſto

Sure a Laſs in her Bloom at the Age of Nine-

teen Was ne'er ſo diſtreſt as of late I have been I know not I vow, any

harm I have done But my Mother oft tells me ſhe'll have me a Nun but my Mother oft tells me ſhe'll

have me a Nun I know not I vow any harm I have done but my Mother oft tells me ſhe'll

have me a Nun but my Mother oft tells me ſhell have me a Nun.

2

m't you think it a pity a Girl ſuch as I —
ou'd be ſentenc'd to pray, & to faſt & to Cry, —
Ih ways ſo devout I'm not like to be won, —
nd my Heart it loves frolick too well for a Nun.

3

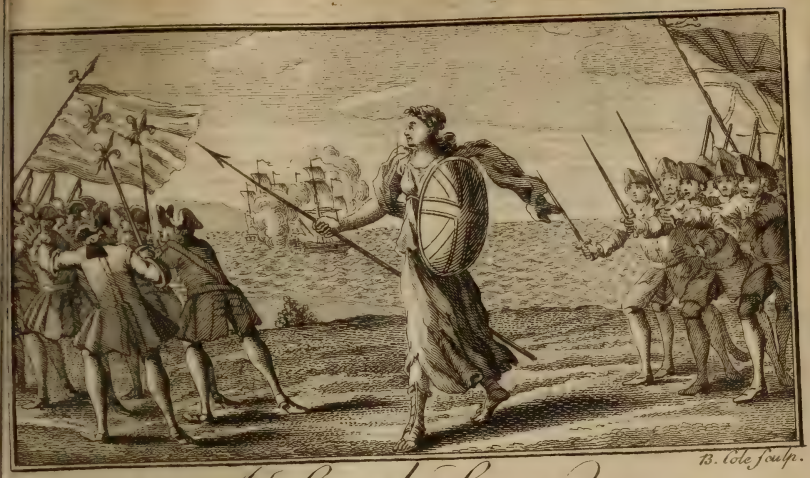
hear the Men flatter, and promiſe and Swear,
a Thouſand times better, to me I declare —
n keep my ſelf chaſt, nor by nuns be undone

4

Not to love or be loud, O I never can bear, —
Nor yield to be ſent, to one cannot tell where,
To live, or to die in this Caſe were all one,
Nay I ſooner would die, then be reckon'd a Nun.

5

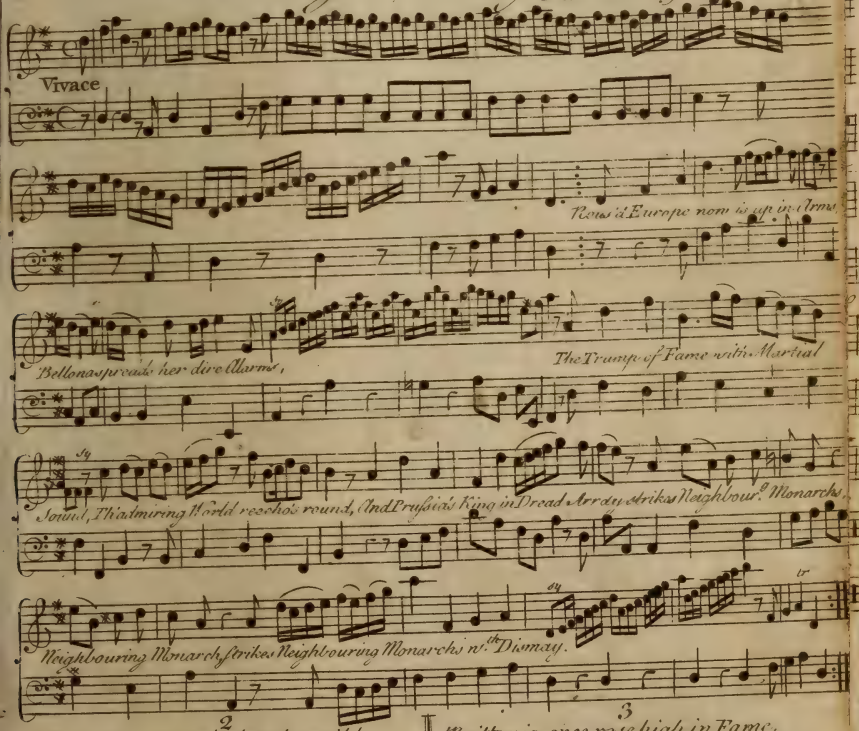
Perhaps, but to teaze me, ſhe threatens me ſo, —
I'm ſhure, were I me, ſhe wou'd ſtrut away no,
But, if ſhes in earneſt, I from her will run —



B. Cole Sculp.

A Loyal Song

The Words by Mr. H. Rhodes.


Vivace
Rous'd Europe now is up in Arms
Bellona spreads her dire Alarms,
The Trump of Fame with Martial
Sound, Th'admiring World reechos round, And Prussia's King in Dread Array strikes Neighbour.g Monarchs
Neighbouring Monarch strikes Neighbouring Monarchs w.th Dismay.

2

He has the Sword already weild.
And Dy'd with Blood the Waring Field.
From Iron Mouths grim Death has roll'd.
And mimic Thunder frights the World.
Whole Armies now for fight prepare.
And Kings Invoke the Gods of War.

3

Brittania once rose high in Fame.
No state but dreaded Brittains Name.
As far as is the farthest Shore.
Albions Lions been heard to roar.
France does England now deride.
Rouse up and crush the Gallic Pride.

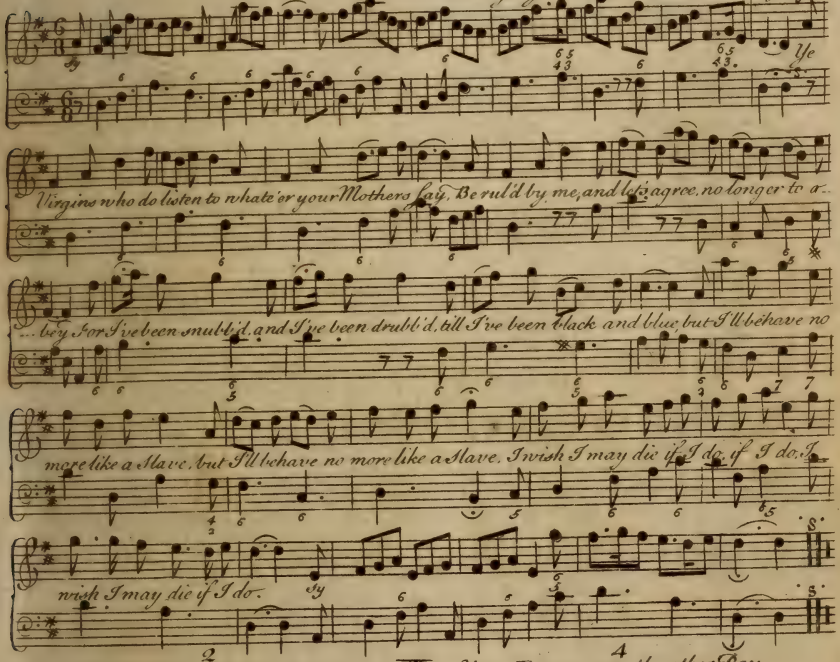
4

Send flying Death enwrapt in Lead.
Your Chain and Shot with double head
From Bellowing Lungs thro Pervious Air.
Destroy her Cast, her Monarch Scare.
Assert your Rights home Victory bring.
And save your Country and your King.

B. Cole fculp.

The Unnatural Parent, or the Virgins last Resolve.

Sung by Mr. Beard at Ranelagh.


Ye
Virgins who do listen to whate'er your Mothers fay, Be rul'd by me, and ne'a agree no longer to a-
bey For I've been mulct'd, and I've been drubb'd, till I've been black and blue, but I'll behave no
more like a Slave, But I'll behave no more like a Slave. I wish I may die if I do, if I do, I
wish I may die if I do.
fay

2

Both Night & Day she prates away,
About my being Nice?,
But I declare, 'twould make you stare?
To hear her dull Advice?
She says that I from Men must fly,
Or mischief will ensue?:
But in all the kind no harm I find,
I wish I may die if I do.

3

She says that Youth, still blind to Truth,
The danger ne'er can tell,
And 'tis from Sence and Experience,
That she can talk so well:
But if she got Sense from Experience?,
Then she may depend upon't,
I'll try to be as wise as she,
I wish I may die if I dont.

4

Young Damon day, the other Day,
Would struggle for a kiss,
I pish'd and cry'd, and him did chide,
With — what do you mean by this,
'Tis wond'rous rude, that you'll intrude,
When I have so oft forbid,
I wish I may die if you dont make me cry,
But I wish I may die if he did.

5

Then I'll be free whilst young I be,
And let my Mother scold,
And I'll despise being quite as wise,
Until I am quite as old:
At Forty three a Prude I'll be,
And lay my Follies by
But never 'till then will I shun the Men,
If I do — I wish I may die.

B. Cole Sculp.

The Mighty Bowl.

Spirituoso

Fill me a

Bowl, a mighty Bowl, large as my ca-pacious Soul

Fill me a Bowl a

mighty Bowl, large as my ca-pacious Soul, Vast as my thirst is let it have depth enough to be my Grav

I mean the Grave of all my Care for I design to bury it there

Let it of Silver fashion be, worthy of Wine worthy of me

worthy to adorn y^e Spheres worthy to adorn y^e Spheres, as that bright Cup as y^e bright

Cup amongst y^e Stars Fill me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl, large as my ca-pacious Soul.

B. Cole Sculp.

The GEAR and the BRAGRIE o't

Sung by Mr. Lauder at the New Theatre in the Hay Market.

Brisk

Sym

Shame light on this Worlds Pelf when I see how little o't I've got to my self, I'm

wae when I look on my thread bare Coat, O Shame fa the Gear and the

Sym

Bragrie o't.

2

For Jenny was the Lass that muckled the Byre
But now she is clad in her Silken attire
And Jenny was ay Lass that wore the Plaiden Coat
O shame fa the Gear and the Bragrie o't.

3

And Jockey was ay Ladie, that gade at the Plough
Tho' now he's gotten Gow'd and Gear enough
But I have seen ay Day when he was not worth a
O shame fa the Gear and the Bragrie o't.

4

But all this shall never Dauntin me
As long as I keep my fancy free
As long as I have a Penny to pay for my Pot
May the Deil take the Gear, and the Bragrie o't.

Smile Britannia A Favourite Song

Sung by Mr Beard at Ranelagh

Moderately

Smile Smile Britannia Smile thy Genius comes again to Guard thy fruitful Isle & thunder o'er the

main thy Gallant Sons disdain the Ease Now Crown thee Mistress of the Seas Now Crown

thee Mistress of the Seas Now Crown ..... thee Mistress of the Seas.

While dauntless they Advance
And bid the cannons roar
They'll scourge the Pride of France
And shake the Imperial Shore
Deriding Trumpets o'er the Waves
With Courage never known to Slaves
With Courage &c

The Decks all stain'd with Blood
The Bullets wing'd with Fate
The wide and restless Flood
Cannot the Rage abate
In Hawke & in Boscawen wake
The Souls of Russel and of Blake
The Souls &c

Brittons pursue the Blow
Like Sons of Freedom fight
Convince the haughty Foe
That you'll maintain your Right
Defiance bid to France and Spain
Assert your Empire o'er the Main
Assert &c

Gr. FLUTE.

A Favorite Song

New Set by Mr. Miller

I prithee send me back my Heart since I can not have thine for if from yours you will not

Part why then should'st thou have mine if then should'st thou have mine yet now I

think on't let it lye to keep it were in Vain For thoust a Thief in ei..ther eye wou'd steal it back a..

..ga...in would steal it back a gain.

Why should two Hearts in one Breast lye
And yet not lodge together
Oh Love where is thy sympathy
If thus our Breasts thou Sever
But Love is such a mystery
I cannot find it out
For when I think I'm best resolv'd
I then am in most doubt

Then farewell care and farewell woe
I will no longer Pine
For I'll believe I have her Heart
As much as she has mine

N.B. The last Verse to be repeated
To the Second part of the Tune

The Disappointed Lover

Gently

When Dew drops gild the weeping Thorn and hoarse pipid Rooks Salute the Morn

Fair Cyntha charm'd the Grove her Voice like Phyll.o..mell....a

rung But Still the Burthen of her Song was false and

Perjur'd Love

Young Collin who had Stray'd that way
When Larks the Heralds of the Day
Their Dewey Nests forsake
Impatient lurk'd behind a Bush
To hear and View the beautious Blush
That painted Cynthia's Cheek

Against the sweet inchanting Strain
No longer able to Contain
He thus himself address'd
My Flocks cry'd he shall all be thine
My Dog my Crook be you but mine
And bless a Shepherds Brest

In Vain cry'd she fond Youth you sue
To Church with me you first must go
Of which the Swain approv'd
Then to the Grove again he led
The rip'ned panting melting Maid
Where both dissolv'd in Love

When bliss was past young Collin Cry'd
Had you at first thus far comply'd
I ne'er had Seen the More
Be hush'd cry'd she I knew thy will
For Hodge that lives at yonder Mill
Once Serv'd me So before

To Arms & Britons strike home

To Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms To Arms to Arms to Arms to

To Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms to

Arms To Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms to

Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms To Arms to Arms to Arms to

Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms your Ensigns strait display

Arms To Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms your Ensigns strait display

now now now now now now now now now now Set the Battle in Array

The Oracle for War declares for War declares Success Depends Suc

ces Depends upon our Hearts and Spears The Oracle for War de

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell in Compass of 9 Gor. flute

dares for War declares Success Depends Success Depends up

tr

on our Hearts and Spears Brittons Strike home Revenge Revenge your

Countrys Wrongs Fight Fight and Record Fight

Fight and Record your Selves in Druid Songs

Fight Fight and Record Fight Fight and Re

tr

cord Record your Selves in Druid Songs.

Robin Hood

Bristolly — Sung by Mr Beard

As blyth as the

Linnet Sings in the Green Wood so blyth we'll wake we'll wake the Morn so bly--th well

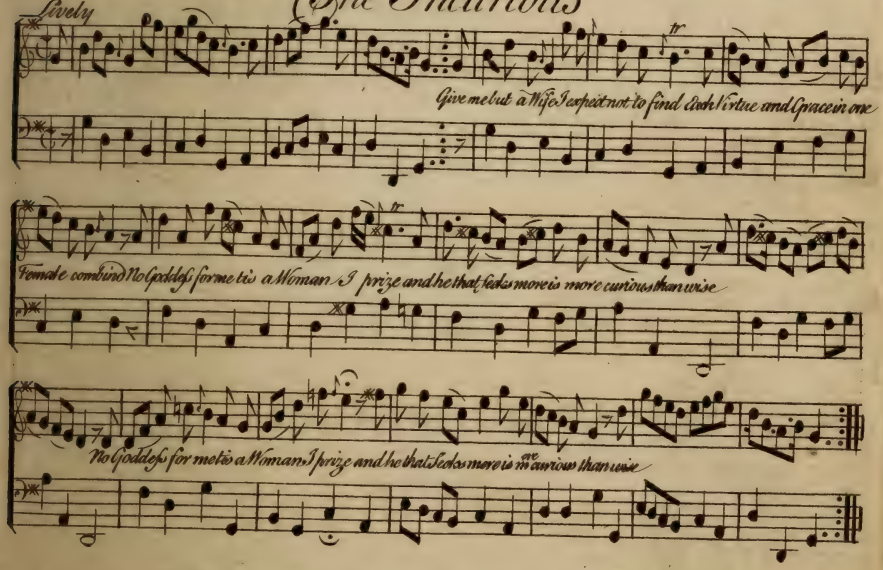
Wake the Morn — And thro the wide Forrest of merry Sherwood well

Wind the Bugle Bugle Horn we'll wi--nd the Bu--gle Horn.

The Sherriff attempts to take bold Robin Hood
Bold Robin disdains to fly
Let him come when he will in merry Sherwood
well Vanquish Boys or die
Our Hearts they are stout & our Bows th'are good
and well their Master know
They're cut in the Forrest of merry Sherwood
and never will spare a Foe

Our Arrows shall drink of ye fallow Deers blood
We'll hunt them all over the Plain
And thro the wide Forrest of merry Sherwood
No Shaft shall fly in vain
Brave Scarlet & John who ne'r were Subdu'd
Gave each his Hand so bold
We'll range thro the Forrest of merry Sherwood
What say my Hearts of Gold

The Incurious


Lively
Give me but a Wife I expect not to find Each Virtue and Grace in one
Female combind No Goddess for me tis a Woman I prize and he that seeks more is more curious than wise
No Goddess for me tis a Woman I prize and he that Seeks more is more curious than wise

Be she young shes not Stubborn but easy to mould
Or she claims my respect like a Mother if old
Thus either can please me since Woman I prize. And he that &c

Like Venus she ogles if wanton her Eye
If blind she the roving of mine cannot spy
Thus either is lovely for Woman I prize. And he that &c

If rich be my Bride she brings tokens of Love
If poor the further from Pride's my remove
Thus either contents me for Woman I prize. And he that &c

I ne'er shall want converse if Tongue she Poses
And if mute Still the rarity pleases me less
I'm suited to either for Woman I prize And he that &c

Then cease Ye profain on the Sex to discant
If you've wit to discern no Perfection they want
Each Fair can make happy if Woman we prize
And he that seeks more is more Curious then Wise

Under the Greenwood Shade Sung by Mr Beard

Gently

To an Arbor of Woodbine ye both shall be led Soft Leaves for your Pillow the
Grass for your Bed Soft Leaves for your Pillow the Grass for your Bed.
While wanton young Sparrows chirp over your Head all under the Greenwood
Shade all under the Green wood Shade

When the Moon with Pale Lustre Just thro the Grove
And Nightingales answer the chaste Turtle Dove
The Maid without blushing shall clasp her true Love
All under the Greenwood Shade

Our Pleasure quite harmless begin with the Day
We ever are buxom we ever are Gay
No Virgins dissemble no Shepherd betray
All under the Greenwood Shade

Tho Frowns for a while arm the Face of the Fair
Yet soon our young Lover forgets all his Care
For Phillis cries do not oh do not dispair
All under the Greenwood Shade

Something else to do

Sung by Mr Beard

Moderate

The Sun was Sleeping on the Main bright Cinthia

Silver'd all the Plain When Collin tarn'd his Team to rest and Sought the Lass he lov'd the best do

tarry'd her Gitt he Jogg'd along her Name Bs frequent in his Song but when his Errand Dolly knew She would shid

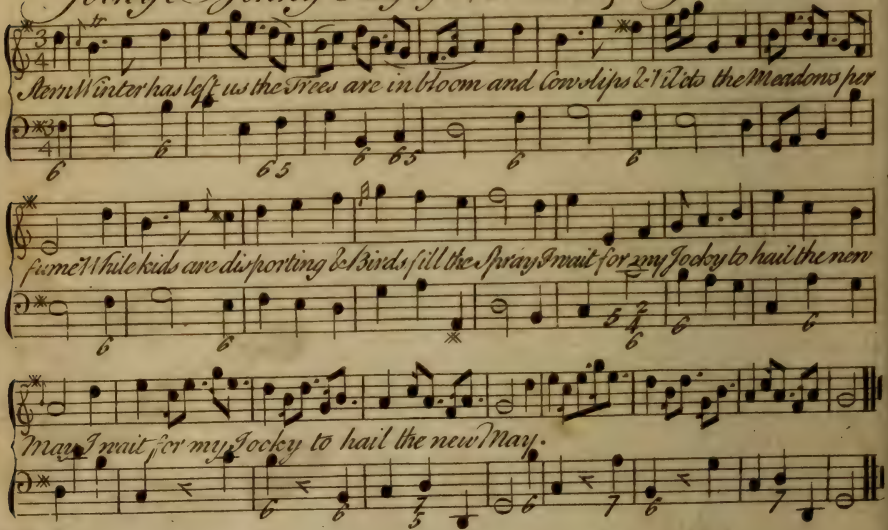
Something else to do She's something else to do She would Shed something else to do.

He Swore he did esteem her more
Than any Maid he'd seen before
In tender Sighs protesting He
Would constant as the Turtle be
Talk'd much of Death should she refuse
And us'd such arts do Lovers use
'Tis sinesuary, Doll if 'tis but true
But now I've something else to do

Her Pride then Collin thus address'd
Forgive me Doll I did but Jest
To her that's kind I'll constant prove
But thus time I'll never die for Love
Tho' first she did his Court to skip scorn
Now doll began to court in turn
Dear Collin I was jesting too
Step in — I've nothing else to do

Ger. Flute

Jocky & Jenny Sung by Mr Lowe & Miss Falkner


Stern Winter has lost us the Trees are in bloom and Cowslips & Vilets the Meadows per
fume While kids are disporting & Birds fill the Spray I wait for my Jocky to hail the new
May I wait for my Jocky to hail the new May.

Jocky

Among the young Lillies my Jenny I've stray'd
Pinks Daizies & Woodbine I bring to my Maid
Here's thyme sweetly smelling & Lavender gay
A Posy to form for my Queen of the May

Jenny

Ah Jocky I fear you intend to beguile
When seated with Molly last Night on a stile
You swore that you'd love her for ever & aye
Forgetting poor Jenny your Queen of the May

Jocky

Young Willy is handsome in Shepherds green dress
He gave you those Kid hands that hang at your breast
Besides three sweet kisses upon the new Day
Was that done like Jenny my Queen of the May

Jenny

This Garland of Roses no longer I prize
Since Jocky false hearted his Passion denies
Ye Flowers so blooming this Instant decay
For Jenny's no longer the Queen of the May

Jocky

Believe me dear Maiden your Lover you wrong
Your name is for ever the Theme of my Song
From the fields of pale Eve to gladdening Day
I sing but of Jenny my Queen of the May

Jenny

Again balmy comfort with transport I view
My fears are all vanish'd since Jocky is true
Then to our Bly the Shepherds I hear I'll convey
That Jenny alone you've crown'd Queen of the May

Jocky

Ev'ry dearee ye young Lovers draw near
Avoid all Suspicion what e'er may appear
Believe not your Eyes if your peace they'd betray
Then come my dear Jenny and hail the new May

Set to Musick

Glory let Glory let Glory inspire ye your Hearts

Remember a Soldier in

War and in Peace

Remember a Soldier in War in

War & in Peace is the no

by Mr Henry Purcell

blest of all other Arts Re..

member a Soldeir in War and in Peace Remember a Soldeir in

War in War and in Peace is the No.....

.....blest of all other Arts

Young Collin

Young Collin was a Sprightly Swain & Sweetly tun'd his Rural Lay

for me he oft with Pleasant pain has cull'd ye fragrant Flow'rs of May Flow'rs of

May has cull'd the fragrant Flow'rs of May Those Flow'rs he to my Bosome try'd then smiling

ask'd a tender Kiss I thought it rude and yet complyd but for gins say was that a miss but

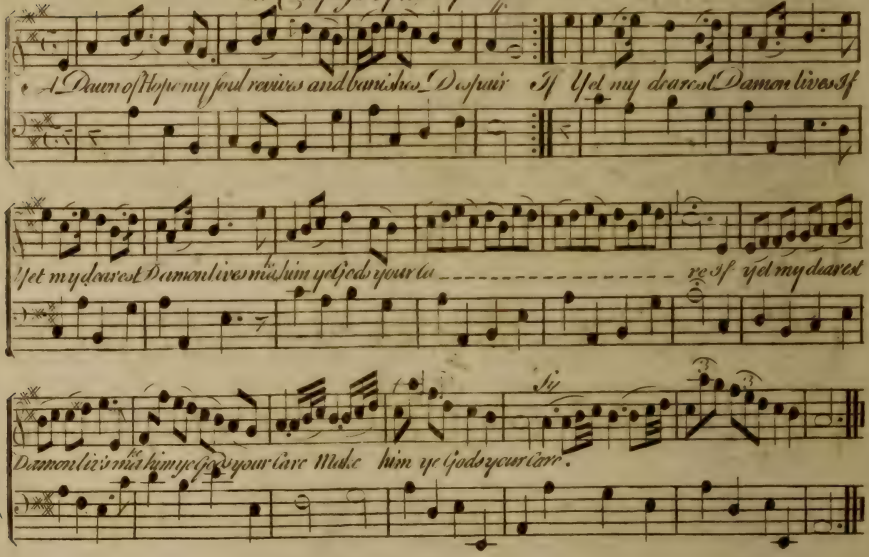
Virgins say was that a miss.

The warbling Birds in ev'ry Grove
He said the Voice of Nature meant,
That all their Songs were tun'd to Love,
And Love was all their kind intent:
The Lark with his melodious Strain
Strove but to give his Lover Bliss:
Then ask'd me to relieve his pain,
He kiss'd I blush'd was that amiss.

But one fair Morn we chanc'd to stray
Where Flora all her fragrance spread,
He deck'd my Bosom Sweet and gay,
With the Flow'rets of the Mead:
He press'd my Hand ask'd if I Lov'd,
I blush'd and faintly answer'd Yes
Soon my yielding Heart was mov'd
Nor blame me if I did amiss.

The Dawn of Hope

in Compass of the German Flute

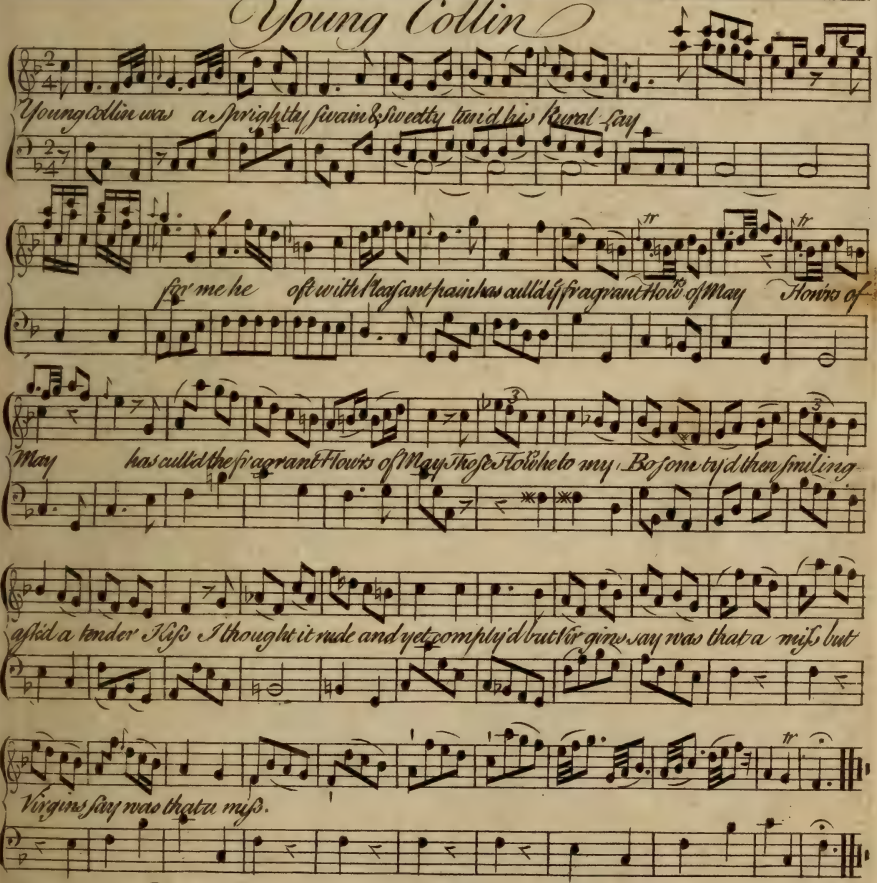

A Dawn of Hope my soul revives and banishes Despair If Yet my dearest Damon lives If
Yet my dearest Damon lives wish him yet Gods your ca re If Yet my dearest
Damon lives wish him ye Gods your Care Make him ye Gods your Care.

Dispell those gloomy Shades of Night,
My tender Grief remove:
O send some chearing Ray of Light,
And Guide me to my Love.

Thus in a secret friendly Shade,
The pensive Celia mourn'd,
While courteous Echo lent her Aid,
And Sigh for Sigh returnd.

When sudden Damon's well known Face,
Each rising Fear disarms;
He eager springs to her Embrace,
She sinks into his Arms.

Young Collin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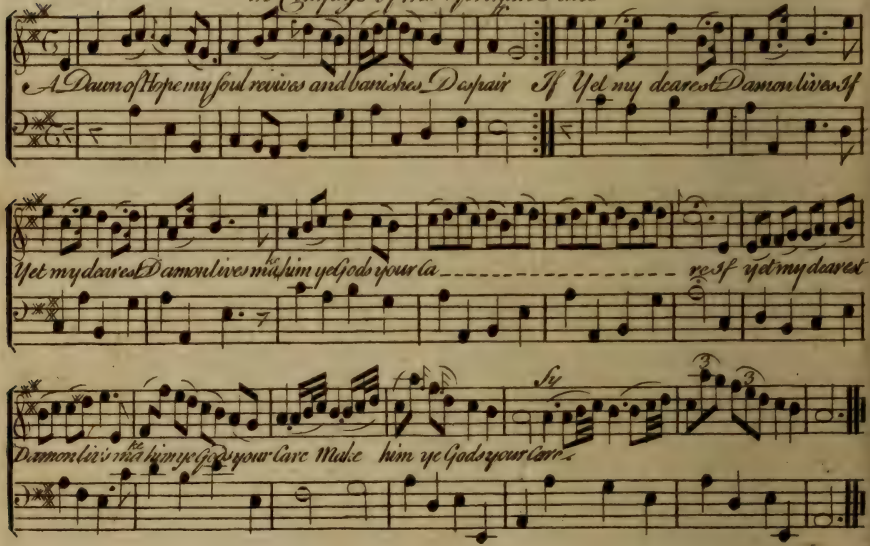
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My tender Grief remove;
O send some chearing Ray of Light,
And Guide me to my Love.

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While courteous Eccho lent her Aid,
And Sigh for Sigh return'd.

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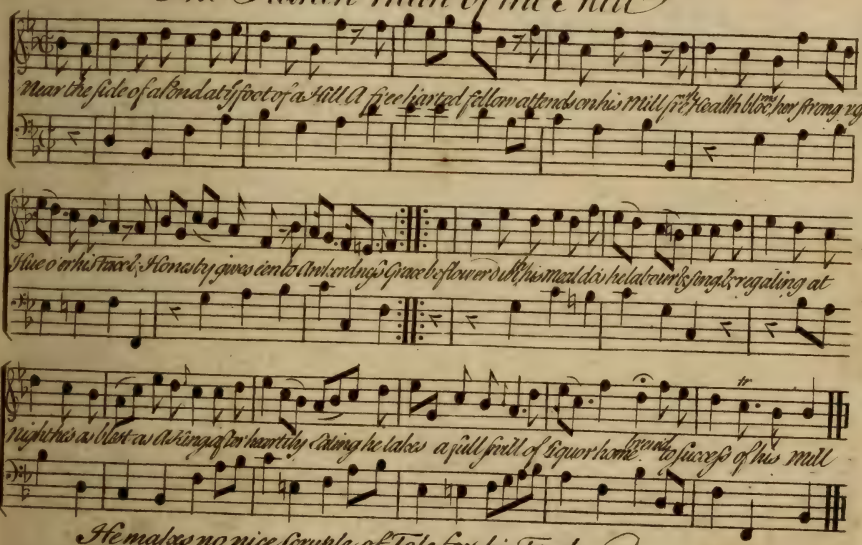
The Stanch Man of the Mill


Near the side of a Land at the foot of a Hill A free hearted fellow attends on his Mill for Health blest with strong Nerves
Blue o'er his Face, Honesty gives Cent to Cent Rendings Grace before Pow'r till his Meal dis he labours & sings, regaling at
Night this a Part as a Thing for heartily Eating he takes a full Gill of Liquor home to Success of his Mill

He makes no nice Scruple of Toll for his Trade,
For that's an Excise to his Industry paid;
His Conscience is free and his Income is clear,
And he values not them of ten Thousands a Year.
He's a Freehold Sufficient to give him a Vote,
At Elections he scorns to accept of a Groat;
He hates your proud Place Men & do what they will,
They ne'er can seduce the Stanch Man of the Mill.

On Sunday he talks with the Barber and Priest
And hopes that our Statesmen do all for the best;
That the Spaniard's Shall ne'er interrupt our free Trade,
Nor good British Coin be in Subsidies paid;
He fears the French Navy and Commerce increase,
And he wishes poor Germany still may have Peace;
The old England he knows may have Strength & Skill,
To protect all her Manors and save his own Mill.

With this honest Hope he goes home to his Work,
And if Water is Scanty he takes up his Fork;
And over the Meadows he Scatters his Hay,
Or with the stiff Plough turns up Furrows of Clay,
His Harvest is crown'd with a good English Glee,
That his Country may ever be happy and free,
With his Hand, and his Heart to King George does he fill,
And may all loyal Souls act the Man of the Mill.

Rule Britannia

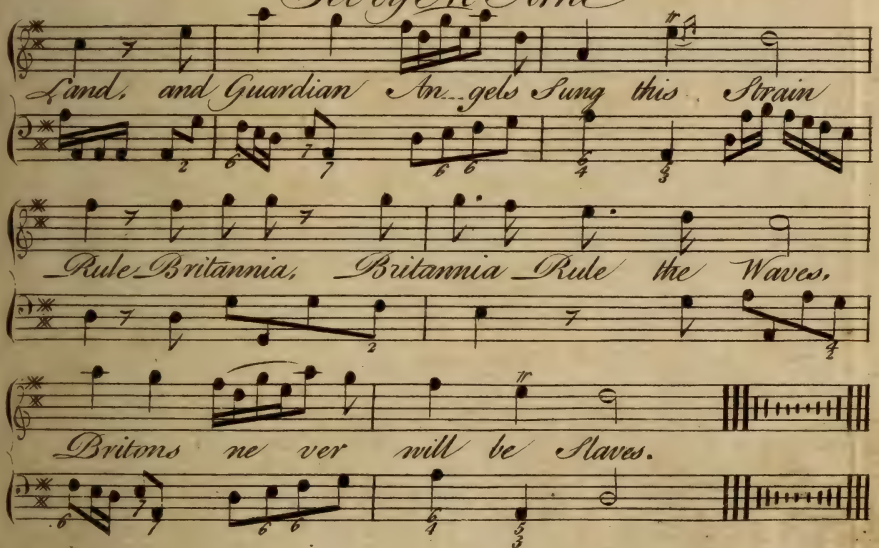
When Britain first at Heav'n's Command,

a..rose from out the A.....zure

Main, arose arose from out the Azure Main:

This was the Charter the Charter of the

Set by Mr. Arne



The Nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turns to Tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great & free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadfull from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native Oak.
Rule &c.

Thee haughty Tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame;
But work their woe and thy renown.
Rule &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy Cities shall with Commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject Main,
And ev'ry shore it circles thine.
Rule &c.

The Muses still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy Coasts repair:
Blest Isle with matchless Beauty crownd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule &c.

Fair Hebe

Sung by Mr Beard

Andante

Fair Hebe I left with a cautious design to escape her Charms I'd drown em in Wine I try'd it but found in vain I came to depart the Wine in my Head & still Love in my Heart I repair'd to my Reason intreated her Aid, who pausd on my Case & each Circumstance weigh'd in gravity pronounc'd in return to my Pray'r that Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth reply'd I I've no need to be taught,
I came for your Counsel to find out a fault,
If that's all quoth Reason return as you came
To find fault with Hebe would forfeit my Name.
What Hopes then alas of relief from my Pain,
While like Lightning she darts thro each throbbing Vein,
My Senses Surpriz'd in her favour took Arms,
And Reason confirms me a Slave to her Charms.

A Cock & a Bull

Sung by Mr. Beard

To take in good part the squeeze of the Hand that language of Lovers who dare not demand

& then with another as close & as dear you've made him believe his happiness nearer you've made him believe his happiness

near then to tell him then to tell him then to tell him then to tell him a tale of a

Cock and a Bull That you meant no such thing but was playing the Fool that you meant no such thing but was playing the Fool.

The tread on the Toe to admit & be Free,
And Strait to reply with the Toe Repartee,
To express with your Eyes your inward Desires,
And thus with full hopes to kindle his Fires.
When he wants to disclose what he dare not Reveal, Then to tell him &c.
When he looks very Silly and means a great deal,
When he thinks (if ever thinking Should enter his Brain)
You'll now grant his wish the Ease of his Pain, Then to tell him &c.
To let him in rapture'd proceed on to Bliss,
To suffer the Snatch or the Theft of a Kiss,
When Coyness retreating unwillingly flies,
When Sighs answers murmurs & Eyes talk to Eyes. Then to tell him &c.

Female Friendship

Set by Mr. Defranch

Moderatly

I love tis true but in my Breast another Passion reigns since first I knew Lucinda my Mind to forget

soothes my am'rous Pains

And beauteous Nymphs with

secret Art my mind Though to controul gain Betsy wins my open Heart dear Nancy fires my Soul dear

Nancy fires my Soul.

When on her Face my sight I cast,
And breathe the sparkling Sigh.
If chance the cloud of fate o'ercast
My Heaven that's in her Eye.
To Betsy I my doubts relate,
She meaning to define,
Be wise she Cries with Patience wait
And Nancy will be thine.

Can Love make patience then its choice.
I hear some Captive say.
Oh Yes when urg'd by Beauty's Voice,
The Bosom must obey.
Ye Lovers, hence this maxim take,
And on its truth depend
The am'rous Heart can never break,
That boasts a Female Friend.

A Loyal Song

for two Voices

Fame let thy Trumpet sound, tell all the World around, Great George is King.

Fame let thy Trumpet sound, tell all the World around, Great George is King.

Tell Rome and France and Spain, Britannia Scorns their Chain.

Tell Rome and France and Spain, Britannia Scorns their Chain.

Britannia Scorns their Chain, Great George is King, Great George is King.

Britannia Scorns their Chain, Great George is King, Great George is King.

May Heaven his Life defend,
And make his Rule extend,
Wide as his Fame:
Thy Choicest Blessings shed,
On his Anointed Head,
And teach his Foes to dread,
Great Georges Name.

He Peace and Plenty brings,
While Romes deluded Kings,
Waste and distroy:
Then let his People sing,
Long live our gracious King,
From whom such Blessings spring,
Freedom & Joy:

Chorus God save our Noble King,
Long live our gracious King,
God save the King:
Hark how the Valleys ring,
Long live our gracious King,
From whom such Blessings spring,
God save the King.

The Power of Wine Set by Mr Corfe

Moderately Slow

Blooming Bacchus ever young Sweet as myrtle of all care when in void dry

Faltring Tongue ever ready thou to hear ever ready thou to

Brisk

hear hear Let us by thy influence fir'd lead & mad fantastick round whilst our songs by thee in

Let us by thy influence fir'd lead & mad fantastick rounds whilst our songs by thee in

spir'd louder & Still Still louder Sound louder Still Still louder and louder Sound

spir'd louder & Still Still louder Sound louder Still Still louder and louder Sound

Thou dost make the Coward brave
Thou dost frozen Dotage warm
Thou dost Freedom give the Slave
And thy Sons protect from Harm.
Let us &c

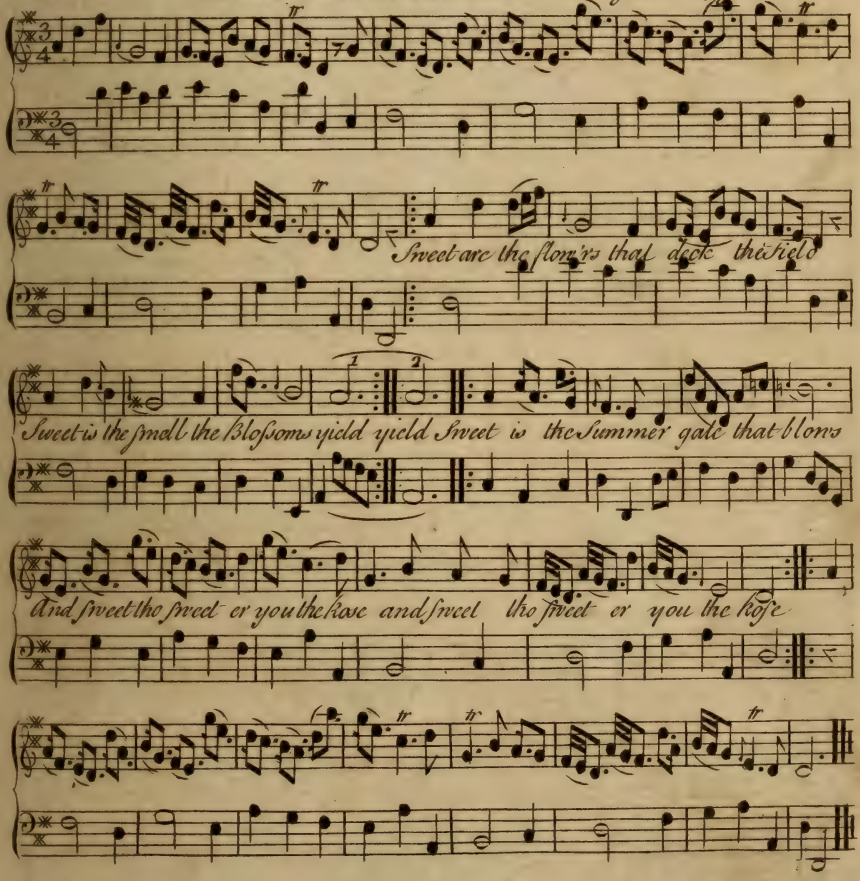
Thou dost in the Fair ones Breast
Soft desires kind wishes raise
When the Amorous Swain is blest
Thine the Conquest thine the Praise.
Let us &c.

To our Vows propitious prove.
We by thy assistance may,
Triumph, o'er the God of Love.
Triumph o'er the God of Day. Let us &c

Ger Flute.

Sweet are the Flowrs

Set by Mr Burgess


Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field
Sweet is the smell the blossoms yield yield Sweet is the Summer gale that blows
And sweet the sweet er you the Rose and sweet the sweet er you the Rose

Survey the Gardens, Fields, and Bowrs,
The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs;
Then tell me where the Woodbine grows,
That vies in sweetness with the Rose?

A three Part

Galatea

Acis

The Flocks shall leave the

Poly

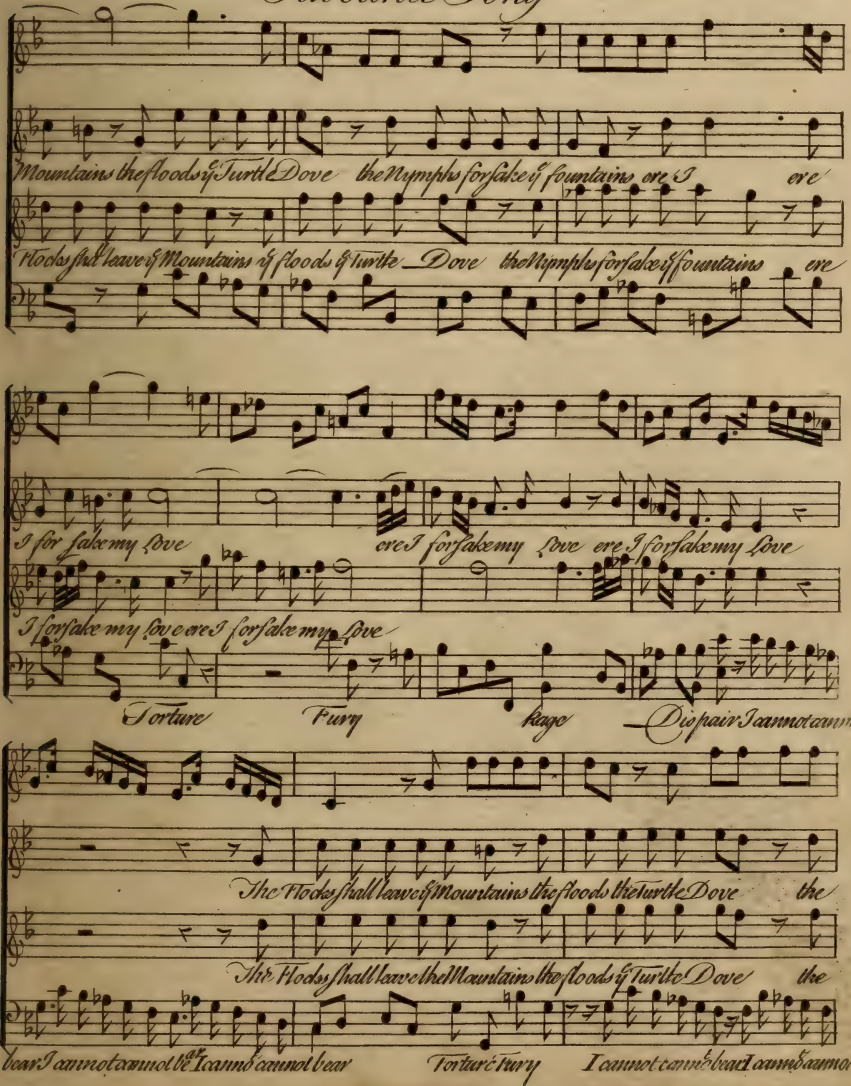
The Flocks shall leave &

Mountains & floods & Turtle Dove & Nymphs forsake & fountains ere I forsake my love

Mountains & floods & Turtle Dove & Nymph forsake & fountains ere I forsake my love the Flocks shall leave &

The

Favourite Song


Mountains the floods & Turtle Dove the Nymphs forsake & fountains ere I ere
Rocks shall leave & Mountains & floods & Turtle Dove the Nymphs forsake & fountains ere
I forsake my love ere I forsake my love ere I forsake my love
I forsake my love ere I forsake my love
Torture Fury Rage Despair I cannot cann
The Rocks shall leave & Mountains the floods the turtle Dove the
The Rocks shall leave the Mountains the floods & Turtle Dove the
bear I cannot cannot bear I cannot cannot bear Torture Fury I cannot cannot bear I cannot cannot

Set to Musick

Nymphs forsake the fountains o're I for sake

Nymphs forsake the Fountains o're I forsake

bear Torture Fury Rage dispair I cannot cannot bear I cannot cannot bear I cannot cannot

my love

Not shorris to Larks so

o're I forsake my love

Not shorris to Larks so

bear I cannot cannot cannot bear no no I cannot cannot cannot bear

pleasing nor sunshine to the bee no Sleep to Toyl so easing as these dear smiles to me as these dear

pleasing nor sunshine to the bee no Sleep to Toyl so easing as these dear smiles to me as these dear

Thy swift thou Mazy nimbly fly

by Mr Handell

smi.....les to me as these dear smi.....

smi.....les to me as these dear smi.....

smi: thou massy ruin fly fly fly thou massy ruin fly thou massy ruin fly

les as these dear smi. les to me

les as these dear smi.....les to me

Dye presumptious Acis dye presumptious Acis dye presumptious acis dye dye dye presumptious Acis sti

sumptious Acis dye.

COLLY and DOLLY Set for 4th G Flute

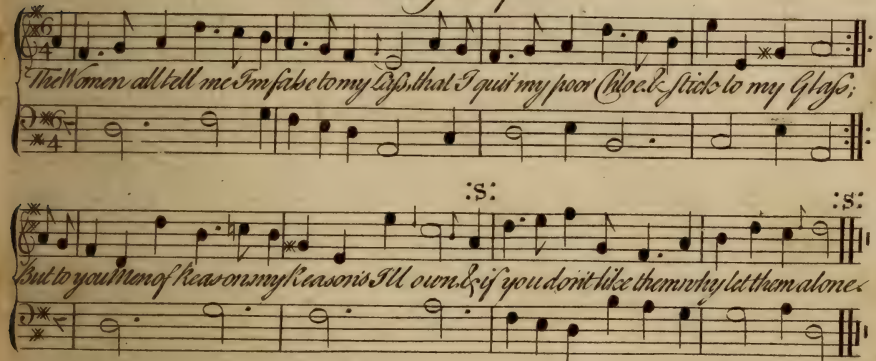
Moderately

The Morning Cloud was ting'd with Gold, when Colin went to view his Fold,
And as he whistled o'er it's Plain, Young Dolly met the perjur'd Swain:
Anger and Love were in her Eye, her tender Breast heav'd with a Sigh, but
when her Grief she come to shew; He cry'd I cannot hear the now, I cannot, I cannot hear thee now.

In moving Words she told a Tale,
That might o'er any Heart prevail.
Told why he had forsook her Cot,
And was poor Dolly quite forgot;
Tho' Fears trembling in her Eye)
She said she'd sit her down & dye;
Do so, says Colin and I go!
My Dear I cannot hear thee now.
I cannot &c.

Resentment kindling o'er her Cheeks.
Says She, another Love I'll seek,
Damon will prize these Sighted charms,
And kindly take them to his Arms:
The Swain whom Honour could not move,
By Jealousy was wak'd to Love.
Stops her, forgive see yonder Plow.
Step there I'll stay to hear thee now.
I'll stay &c.

The Jolly Toper


The Women all tell me I'm false to my Lass, that I quit my poor Chloe & stick to my Glass;
:S:
:S:
But to you Men of Reason my Reason is I'll own, & if you don't like them why let them alone.

Altho I have left her the Truth I'll Declare,
I believe she was good & am sure she was fair;
But goodness & Charms in a Bumper I see,
That makes Her as good & as charming as She.

My Chloe had dimples & smiles I must own,
But tho she could smile yet in truth she could frown
But tell me ye Lovers of Liquor devine,
Did you ever see a frown in a Bumper of Wine.

Her Lillies and Roses were Just in their Prime
Yet Lillies and Roses are conquer'd by time.
But in Wine from its Age such a benefit flows
That we like it the better the older it grows.

They tell me my Love would in time have been false,
And that Beauty inspir'd when once it is enjoy'd,
But in Wine both Time and enjoyment do give,
For the longer I drink the more thirsty am I.

Let Murders and Battles and History prove
The mischiefs that wait upon Rivals in love;
But we drinking thank heaven no Rival contend
For if more we love Liquor if more we are Friends.

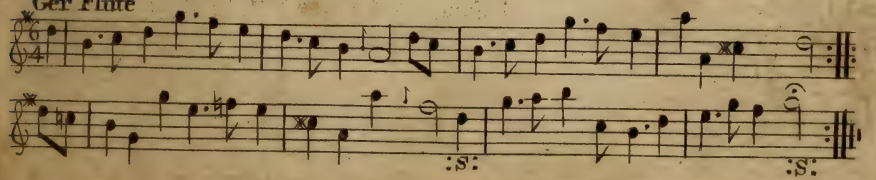
She to might have poisond the Joy of my Life,
With Nurses and Babies and Squaling & Strife;
But my Wine neither Nurses or Babies can bring,
& find a big bellied Bottles a mighty good thing.

We Shorten our Days when with love we engage,
It brings on diseases and hastens old Age;
But Wine from grim Death can its Votaries save,
And keep out to their Leg when there's one in the Grave

Perhaps like her Sex ever false to their Word,
She had left me to get an Estate or a Lord;
But my Bumper regarding no Titles nor Pelf,
Will stand by me while I can't stand by my self.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain,
She's rid of her Lover and I of my Pain;
For in Wine mighty Wine many comforts I spy,
Should you doubt what I say take a Bumper & try.

Ger Flute



The Marriage Pretty

Moderately

Thank God at last The Priest has fast Ty'd me and Betty

To hear her Sny Love and Obey twas vastly Pretty.

The Marrying done
We ev'ry one
Saluted Betty;
She look'd so Neat,
And kiss'd so Sweet,
Twas vastly Pretty.

Birds (as we went
Along thro Kent)
Joy'd me and Betty;
Thee Charms of that
And I know what
Twas vastly Pretty.

The Jokes of Wed
And going to Bed,
From all where Witty
But I know best,
And do protest
Twas vastly Pretty.

Now Night & Day,
My time away,
Glides sweet with Betty;
In her I find,
What Heavn design'd,
She's good and Pretty.

Slowly

Ye Swains with Honour ev'ry Nymph pursue ye Nymphs be Gratefull

Between John and Betty

to your Swains be true Such where the Steps I took and Betty too

Such where the Steps I took and Betty too Ye Swains with Honour

every Nymph pursue Ye Nymphs be Gratefull to your Swains be true Such

where the Steps I took and Betty too Such where the Steps I took and

Betty too Such where the Steps I took and Betty too.

Strephon's Request

Sung by Mr Lowe

Dearest Kitty kind and fair tell me when and tell me where

tell thy fond thy faith full Swain when we thus shall meit again when shall Strephon

fondly see Beautyes only found in thee kiss thee prefs thee

toy and play all the happy live long Day Dearest Kitty! kind and fair tell me

where and tell me where tell me when and tell me where.

All the happy Day tis true
Blest but only then with you
Nightly Strephon sighs alone
Sighs till Hymen makes us one
Tell me then and ease my pain
Tell thy fond and faithfull Swain
When the Priest shall kindly joyn
Kitty's trembling hand to mine
Dearest Kitty kind and fair
Tell me when I care not where

The Constant Faur

in Compass of the Gerflute

Lively

I'll to some shady cool retreat wh spreading Trees conspire to meet to

hide my blushes while I repeat my Love I bear my Collin

Name

all that's amia- ble in Love my Collin amply doth improve the sacred Truth of Heav'n above is

centerd in my Collin.

Was I possess'd of Monarchs Lands.
Of eastern Shores or golden Sands:
No one should share in himens bands
With me but lovely Collin;
With him beneath a Myrtle Seat.
I'd sing & bless my happier fate,
Than seated on a Throne of State,
With any one but Collin.

So long as Saturns Glass shall run.
Or Persians hail the rising Sun.
Or 'till my thread of Life is spun.
So long shall I love Collin:
And when I take the parting kiss.
In Death I'll shear my Heart with this.
That I shall meet in future Bliss.
Again with thee my Collin.

Carry the Jest to far

Moderately

When Young my first love bad Ambition

pulse move I sighid for a Garter & star But my Mother soon told me if

Such should behold me he'd Carry the Jest to far he'd

Carry the Jest to far.

A Gentleman than
Who was fam'd for his pen
Soft verses to make or to mar
But I fear'd from that quarter
He'd play with my garter
And Carry the Jest to far

But I'm the Queen
Of Young Ralph of the Green
Who Joys in his plough & his Car
Let him do what he will
And try his best skill
He can't Carry the Jest to far

Sally a new Song for the German flute

Lively

No Nymph that trips the Verdant Plains with Sally can compare she wins the Hearts of

all the Swains & rivals all is Fair she wins the Hearts of all the Swains & rivals all is Fair

The beams of Sol delight & Clear while Summers Sawn roll But Sallys Smiles can all the

Year give Pleasure to the Soul But Sallys Smiles can all the Year give Pleasure to the Soul.

When from the East the Morning kay,
Illumes the World below,
Her Presence bids the God of Day;
With Emulation glow;
Fresh Beautys deck the painted Ground
By the Sweeter Notes prepare,
The playfull Lambkins skip around;
And hail the Sister Fair.

The Lark but Strains his livid throat,
To bid the Maid reveige,
And mimicks while he swells his Note;
The Sweetness of her Voice,
The Tanning Leptyrs round her play,
While Flora Shed Perfume,
And every Power seems to say;
But for Sally Bloom.

The Amorous Youths her Charms proclaim;
From Morn to Eve their Tale,
Her beauty and unspotted Fame
Make Echo every Vale
The Stream meandring thro the Grove,
Her echo'd Name conveys,
And every Voice and every Reed;
To turn to Sallys Praise.

No more shall Lys the Sons Lass & Swains,
To mythmall Waltz resort,
Nor every May Morn on the Plains;
Advance in rural Sport.
No more shall gush the purling Rill,
Nor Musick wake the Grove;
Nor Flocks look Snowlike on the Hill;
When I forget to Love.

A favourite Song in Robin Hood

Lively

:S:

Dear Sir be advis'd by a Friend nor take a young Wife to your Bed if

still you persist in your Choice Sir Knight have a Care of your Head your Head your

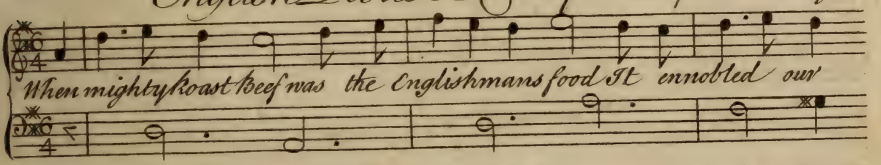
Head Sir Knight have a Care of your Head

Brisk Youth may at all times attempt,
Tho' oft they repent of being wed;
Their Heart to but to often do ache;
With you 'twill be pain in the Head,
A Knight should be arm'd Cap a pee;
In Battle to strike us with Dread,
Go seek for your Spear & your Shield,
Your Wife will take Care of your Head.

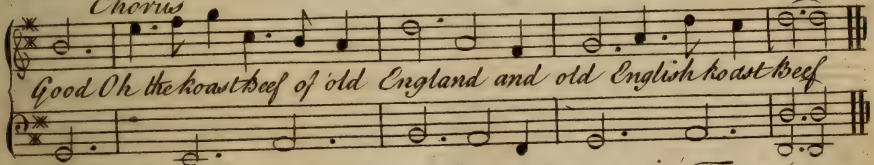
Then ne'er be dismaid in the Field,
Tho' Numbers around you fall dead,
And Bullets should fly thick as Hail,
There's nothing can damage y Head;
Few People such Treatment resent,
Who to the Strict Fashions are bred,
Provided their Pockets be full;
They take little Care of the Head.

English Roast Beef

Set by Mr Laveridge


When mighty roast beef was the Englishmans food It ennobled our
Veins & enriched Our blood our Soldiers were brave and our Courtiers were

Chorus



But since we have learn'd from all conquering France
To eat their Ragouts as well as to dance;
We are fed up with nothing but vain Complaisance, oh the

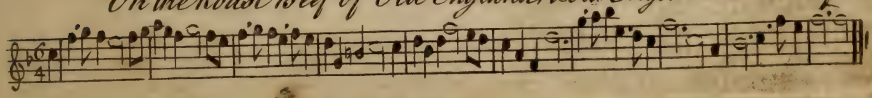
Our Fathers of Old were robust & tout & strong,
And kept Open House with good Cheer all Day long,
Which made their plump Tenants rejoyce in this Song. oh the

But now we are dwindled to what shall I name,
A sneaking poor Race half begotten & tame,
Who fully those Honours that once shone in fame. oh the

When good Queen Elizabeth Sate on the Throne,
Ere Coffee and Tea & such slip slops were known;
The world was in Terror if e're she did frown. oh the

In those days if Fleets did presume on the Main,
They seldom or never return'd back again.
As Witness the vaunting Arma da of Spain. oh the

Oh then they had Stomachs to eat and to Fight,
And when Wrongs were a cooking to do themselves right;
But now we're a Cooud but good Night
Oh the Roast Beef of Old England, & old English Roast Beef.



The Dust Cart

Recit.

As Sinkering Tom the Streets his Trade did cry he saw his lovely Silvia passing by in

Dust Cart high advanc'd y Nymph was plac'd with the rich Cinders round her lovely Waist

Tom with uplifted hands the occasion blest and thus in soothing Strains the Maid addrest

Air

oh Silvia while you

drive your Carts to pick up Dust you Steal our Hearts you take our

Dust and Steal our Hearts that mine is gone a las! 'tis true and

a favourite Cantata

dwells a mong the Dust with you I dwells a mong the Dust with

you oh lovely Silvia ease my pain Give me the Heart you stole a

gain Give me my Heart out of your Cart Give me the Heart you stole a

Recit

gain Silvia advanc'd above the rabble shout &c

ulting roll'd her sparkling Eyes about she heav'd her swelling Breast as black as

Sloe and look'd disdain on little Folks below to Tom she nodd'd

Set by Mr Oswald

with Spirit

as the Carr drew on And then was olv'd to Speak She cry'd Stop John

Shall I who ride above the rest be by a paltry Crowd oppress'd am

bition now my Soul does fire the Youths Shall Languish and admire and ev'ry

Girl with anxious Heart shall long to ride long to ride long to ride in my Dust Cart be

ev'ry Girl with anxious Heart shall long to ride in my Dust Cart Shall

long to ride in my Dust cart

Willy

Sung by Miss Stevenson

Gentle

Long long I despair'd a young Shepherd to find not proud of his Merit nor false as the Wind but at

last I have got a dear Lad to my mind Oh I never can part with my Willy

We hied to the Alter last Midsumer day I blush'd all the while & scarce

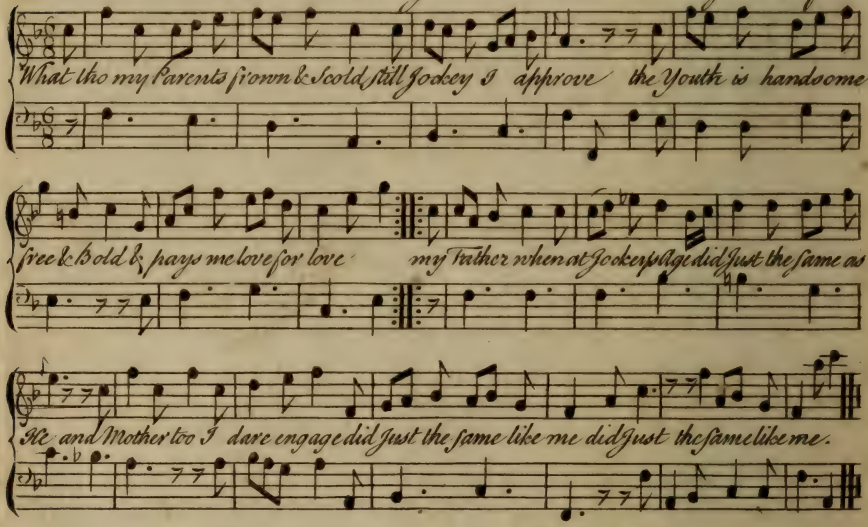
knew what to say but I vow'd I remember to love & obey can I do any less by my Willy

His breath is as fragrant as fresh Morning Air;
His Face than the Rose is more ruddy I swear
And his Kisses as sweet Ah beyond all compare,
There's not such a Lad as my Willy.
With him none pretends to pipe or to sing;
But what tender Soft things does the Shepherd not say,
With ease I am sure he might steal Hearts away.
—But I'll never distrust if dear Willy.

When I droop'd all in pain and I hung down my Head,
How kindly he watch'd me what tears has he shed;
He ne'er left me a moment till Sickness was fled,
Can I ever forgett thee dear Willy,
Should Death from my sight tear the Shepherd so true,
Let him take (if he chooses) then me away too,
For why should I tarry or what coud I do;
Shoud I Lose such a Lad as my Willy.

The Willing Maid

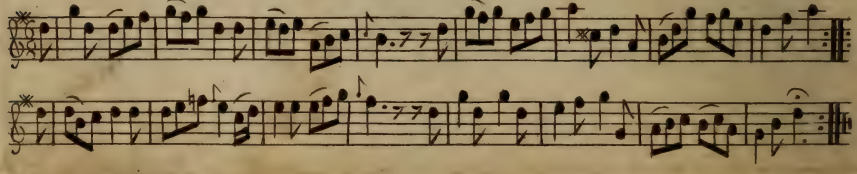
Set by Mr Defesch


What tho my Parents frown & Scold still Jockey I approve the Youth is handsome
free & bold & pays me love for love my Father when at Jockeys Age did Just the same as
He and Mother too I dare engage did Just the same like me did Just the same like me.

When first the Swain his Suit addres'd,
I flutter'd, and look'd pale,
He Sigh'd & vow'd he kiss'd and pres'd;
And told the fondest Tale,
Then out he pull'd his oaten Reed,
And play'd so Sweet a Strain;
That all he ask'd I gave indeed,
And wish'd he'd ask'd again.

How blest am I when Jockeys by;
How happy in his View,
Tho other Nymphs cry pish & fye,
Yet hang me if I do,
As to the Flocks the cooling Stream,
Or Honyet to the Bee,
As dear as I'm convinc'd to him,
So dear the Youth to me.

Ah fraught with all his Sex's Art,
Should Jockey faithless prove,
Where, where shall my poor wand'ring heart,
Again bestow its love,
But 'tis an Hund'red unto Ten,
He'll wed me to Secure;
And when he asks me why what then,
I'll have him to be Sure.



Delia

Sung by Mr Lowe

When first I saw my Delia's Face, adorn'd with ev'ry bloom & Grace that Love and
Youth coud bring: Such Sweetneſs too in all her form, I thought her
one Ce---les-----tial born, and took her for the Spring.

Each Day a Charm was added more.
Musick and Language, fir'd by Store;
With all the force of Reason,
And yet so frolic and so gay,
Deck'd with the opening sweets of May,
She look'd the Summer Season.

Admiring Crowds around her preſs,
But none the happy he coud guess;
Unwish'd her Beauty's caught em,
I sung'd my Passion in her Ear;
Of Love she said she coud not hear;
And yet seem'd ripe as Autumn.

The Rose not gather'd in its prime,
Will fade and fall in little time,
So I began to hint ther;
Her Cheeks confeſs'd a Summers glow,
But ah! her Breast of driven Snow;
Conceals a Heart of Winter.

Ger Flute

Natures Holiday

Moderately

The Sun in Virgin lustre shone May Morning
put-ils beauties on the Warblers sung in lovelier strain & sweeter flow'rets deck'd ỹ plain
When Love a soft intruding Guest that long had dwelt in Damons
breast now whispers to ỹ Nymph away for this is Natures Holiday

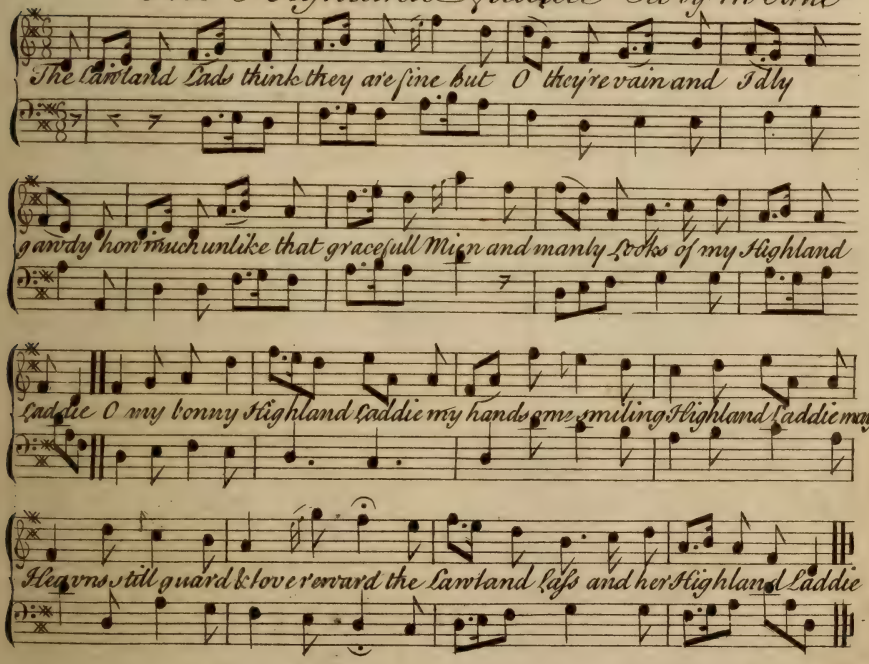
The tender impulse wing'd his haste,
The painted mead he instant past,
And soon the happy Lot he gain'd,
Where Beauty slept & Silence reign'd;
Awake my Fair the Shepherd cries,
To new born Pleasures ope thine Eyes
Arise my Silvia, hail the May,
For this is Natures Holiday.

Forth came ỹ Maid in Beauty bright
As Phabus in meridian light;
Entranc'd in rapture all confess'd,
The Shepherd clasp'd her to his Breast.
Then gazing with a speaking Eye,
He snatch'd a Kiss & heav'd a sigh,
A melting Sigh that seem'd to say,
Consider ỹ Youths our Holiday.

Ah Soft she said for pitys sake,
What kiss one e're I'm will awake,
For thus so early came you here,
And hail you thus ỹ rising Year,
Sweet Innocence Oh cease to chide,
Well haste to joy ỹ Swain reply'd,
In pleasures flowry fields well stray
And this shall be Love's Holiday.

A crimson glow warm'd o'er her Cheek,
She look'd & thing she dare'd not speak,
Consent o'rul'd natures soft Command,
And Damon seiz'd her trembling Hand,
His dancing Heart in transport play'd;
To Church he led ỹ blushing maid,
Then bless'd the happy Morn of May,
And now their Life's all Holiday.

The Highland Laddie Set by Mr Arne


The Lawland Lads think they are fine but O they're vain and Idly
gawdy how much unlike that gracefull Mien and manly Looks of my Highland
Laddie O my bonny Highland Laddie my handsome smiling Highland Laddie may
Heavns still guard & love reward the Lawland Lass and her Highland Laddie

If I were free at Will to chuse,
To be the wealthiest Lawland Lady.
I'd take young Donald without Trews
With Bonnet blue & belted Plaidy.
O my bonny &c.

The bravest Beau in Borrows Town,
In a his Airs with Arts made ready;
Compar'd to him he's but a Clown,
He's finer far in's tartan Plaidie.
O my bonny &c.

O'er benty Hill with him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland kin & Daddy.
Frae Winters cauld & Summers Sun,
He'll screen me with his Highland Plaidy.
O my bonny &c.

A painted Room and Silken Bed,
May please a Lawland Laird & Lady,
But I can kiss and be as glad:
Behind a Bush in's Highland Plaidy.
Oh my bonny &c.

For Compliments betwixt us pass,
I ca' him my dear Highland Laddie;
And he cas me his Lawland Lass,
Sine rows me in beneath his Plaidy.
Oh my bonny &c.

Nae greater Joy I'll eer pretend,
Than that his Love prove true & steady,
Like mine to him which ne'er shall end,
While heav'n preserves my Highland Laddie.
O my bonny &c.

The Country Courtship

Recit

Some Courtly Youth whom Love inspires, may sing of Flames and soft des-

very Slow

-ires, or string Apollo's tunefull Lyre, to move in melting Strain; but I Par

time as before

-nassus ne'er have Seen, the God of Love or Cyprian Queen, I know not

Slower

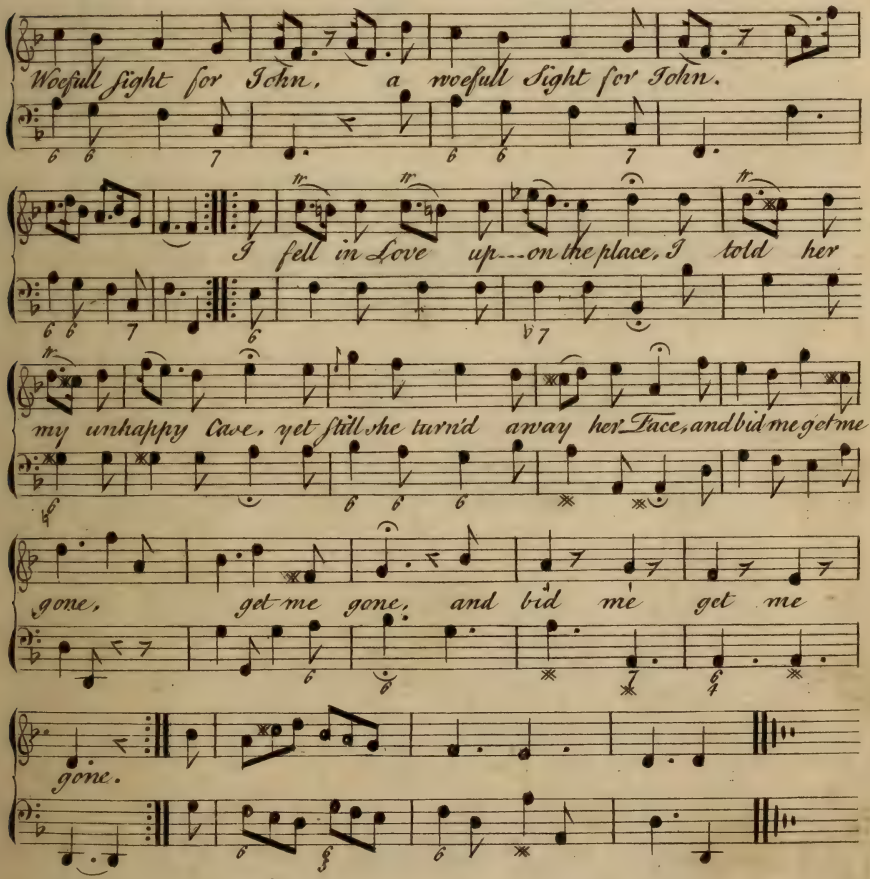
what those fancies mean, a poor & homely Swain; a poor and homely Swain.

Aria

I know that I went to the Fair, the Miller's Daughter Moll was there,

her Beauty made me gape and stare, a

A Humourous Cantata


Woefull Sight for John, a woefull Sight for John.
I fell in Love up---on the place, I told her
my unhappy Case, yet still she turn'd away her Face, and bid me get me
gone, get me gone, and bid me get me
gone.

My Heart went bumping in my Breast;
It broke a score of Ribs at least;
The live long Day I took no rest;
Nor clos'd the Eyes at Night I:
I am so bad at times that I,
For ought I know may come to die
If she keeps on her Cruelty:
I am in dolefull Plight.

Lotharia

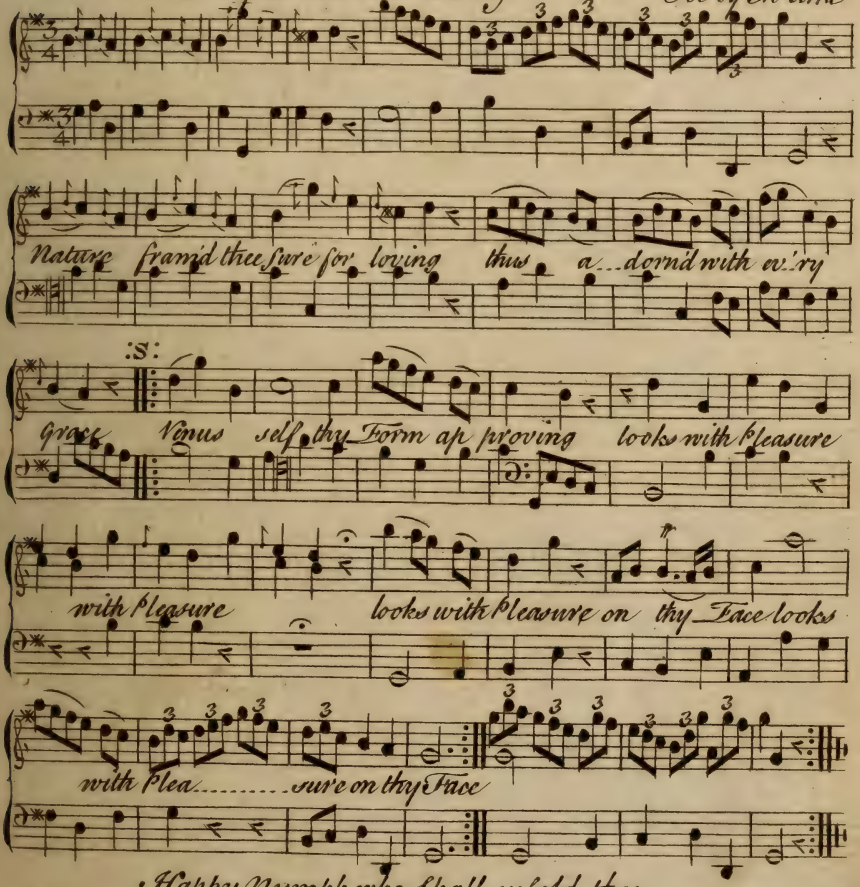
Set by Mr Arne

Vainly now ye strive to Charm me all ye Sweets of blooming May
How should empty Sunshine warm me While Lotharia keeps away
While Lotharia keeps away

Go ye warbling Birds go leave me,
Shade ye Clouds the smiling Sky;
Sweeter Notes her Voice can give me,
Softer Sunshine fills her Eye.

A favourite Song

Set by M^r Arne


Nature framd thee sure for loving thus a...dornd with ev'ry
Grace Venus self thy Form ap proving looks with pleasure
with Pleasure looks with pleasure on thy Face looks
with Plea.....sure on thy Face

Happy Nymph who shall enfold thee,
Cycled in her yielding Arms;
Shoud bright Helen once behold thee,
She'd surrender all her Charms.

Gentle Shepherd if my pleading,
Can from thee thy Prize obtain.
Love himself thy Conquest aiding..
Thou that matchless Fair shall gain.

The Lovers Declaration. Set by Mr Corfe

No more shall Beauty crown the Spring nor Sweetness dwell in flowers Nor

War...bling birds delight to sing Amidst the ro.....sy bowers No Seasons

Shall the Year divide nor Violets paint the Grove the pur...ling

Streams shall cease to gli.....de when I when I forsake my Love

Cupid shall all his shafts lay by,
The Sun refuse his light;
And Venus Doves forget to fly,
And day be turn'd to Night:
The fish shall in the Ocean burn,
And Earth contrary move;
The fountains Sweet shall bitter turn,
When I forsake my Love.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,
Nor you in Heaven dwell;
Nor lovers more shall love for worth,
Nor pains torment in hell:
Life shall no more desir'd be,
Nor death shall horrid prove;
The world shall vanish instantly,
When I forsake my Love.

G. F

A Favourite Song

ye little

Loves that round her wait pray bring me Tidings of the

fair as Celia on her Pillow lies ah gently whisper

Strephon Dies if this will not her pity move

and the proud fair Disdains to Love Smile and Say

Tis all a Lye for haughty Strephon Scorns to Die

To Chloe

Set by Mr Arne

When fond you Damons Charms recite And in that

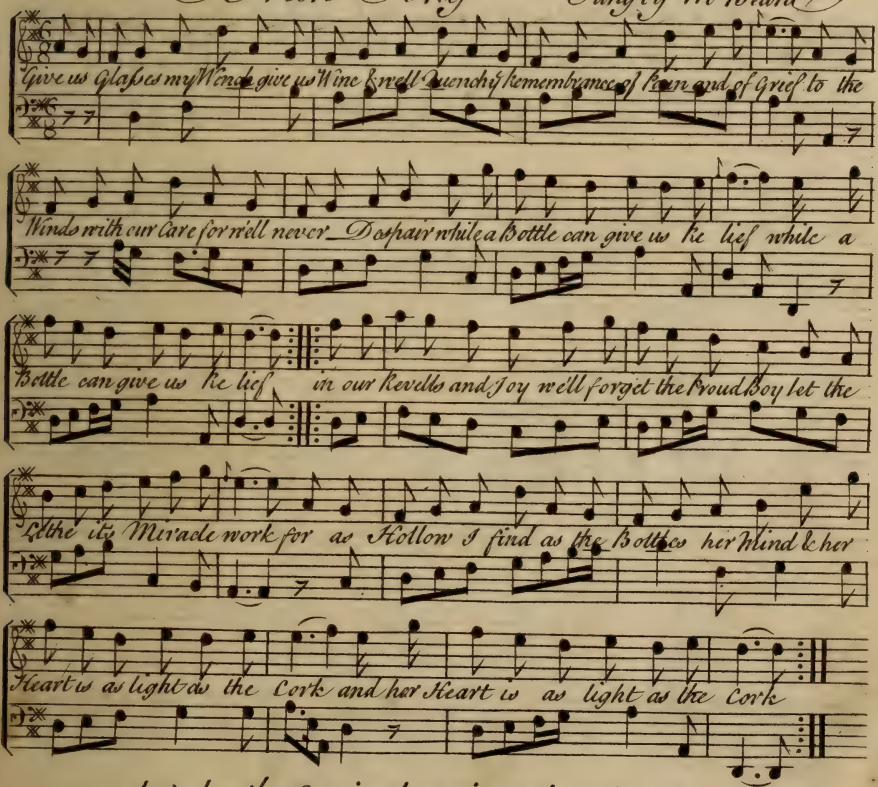
Pleasing Name delight and in that Pleasing Name delight my Heart inflamd by Jealous

Heats with silent Strong Resentment beats from my pale Cheek ye Colour flies from my pale

Cheek ye Colour flies & all the Man within me dies and all ye Man within me dies

By turns my hidden Grief appears
In rising Sighs, and falling Tears,
That shew too well the warm Desires,
The Silent slow consuming Fires,
Which on my inmost Vitals preys
And melt my very Soul away.

A New Song Sung by Mr Beard


Give us Glasses my Friends give us Wine & well Quench y remembrance of Scorn and of Grief to the
Winds with our Care for well never Despair while a Bottle can give us he lief while a
Bottle can give us he lief in our Revells and Joy well forget the Proud Boy let the
Lethe its Miracle work for as Hollow I find as the Bottles her Mind & her
Heart is as light as the Cork and her Heart is as light as the Cork

Ariadne the Gay in despair as they Say,
For the Bully that Left her behind;
Would have hang'd or have Drownid.
But in Bacchus She found
A New Lover as Constant as kind;
These are fables my Dear but the Moral is Clear:
'Twas Wine that her peace did Restore.
When he Left the poor Lass.
Why she took to her Glass
And she never Remembred him more.

Love & Wine in Alliance

While Phillis is drinking Love & Wine in Alliance with

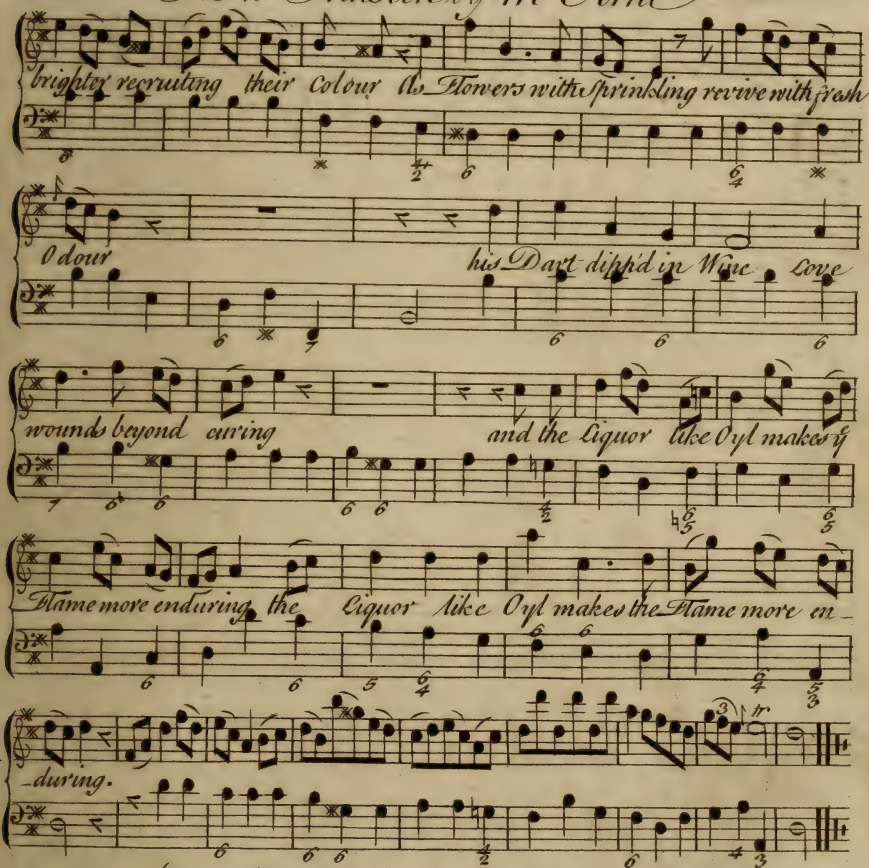
Forces united bid resistless Defiance Each

Touch of her Lips makes y Wine Sparkle higher And her Eyes by her

drinking redouble their Fire and her Eyes by her drinking redouble their

Fire Her Cheeks grow the

Set to Musick by Mr Arne


brighter recruiting their Colour As Flowers with Sprinkling revive with fresh
O dour his Dart dipp'd in Wine Love
wounds beyond curing and the Liquor like Oyl makes it
Flame more enduring the Liquor like Oyl makes the Flame more en-
-during.

By Cordials of Wine Love is kept from expiring,
And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love & Desiring:
Believing each other the Pleasure is lasting,
And we never are cloy'd yet are ever a tasting,
Then Phillis begin, let our Raptures abound,
And a Kiss and a Glass be still going round;
Our Joys are immortal, while thus we remove,
From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle to Love.

A two Part Song

The Jol...ly Bowl does glad my Soul the flow ing
The Jol.....ly Bowl does glad my Soul the flow ing

Liquor cheers my Heart I re vel free from all Con
Liquor cheers my Heart I re vel free from all Con

troul tis this that does improve all Art
troul tis this that does improve all Art

The Miser may be pleas'd with Gold
The Sporting Beau with pretty Lass
But I'm best pleas'd when I behold
The Nectar Sparkling in the Glass

Nature beyond Art Set by Mr Arne

:S: :S:

Still to be neat Still to be dress't as you were going to a Feast

Still to be Powder'd Still perfum'd Ah Lady 'tis to

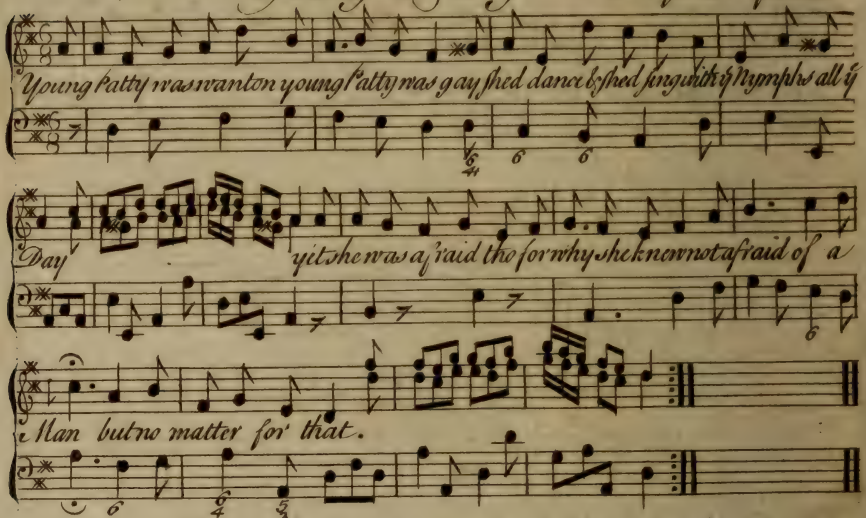
be presum'd the Arts hid Causes are not known by Nature all is not your

own by Nature all is not your own. own.

Give me a Look Give me a Face
That makes Simplicity a Grace;
Robes loosely flowing, Hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more takes with me
Than all the glaring Modes of Art;
That Strike my Eyes, but not my Heart.

Young Patty

Set by Mr Desesch


Young Patty was wanton young Patty was gay shed dance & shed sing with ỹ Nymphs all ỹ
Day
yit she was afraid tho for why she knew not afraid of a
Man but no matter for that.

Brisk Collin who long had ỹ Maid in his Eye
And saw how determind she was to be Shy
Approachd her resolv'd her sweet lips to be at
But from him she flew_ tho no matter for that

With all the wing'd speed that a Lover coud make
The Shepherd pursud her his heart was at stake
He caught her & sigh'd thowrt an Angel dear Patt
The Nymph stopt him short with no matter for that

He pres'd her soft hand while he kneeld at her feet
He spoke such kind things in a manner so sweet
That Patty consented to sit down and chat
No longer afraid but no matter for that

Let fancy paint next what I must not declare
But take with my Song these instructions ye fair
Fear guards you from all that ỹ men woud be at
Till wedded fear man_ then no matter for that

Celia

Set by Mr Arne

Gentry

Yas I'm in Love I feel it now and Celia has undone me and Celia has un-

done me & yet I'll swear I cant tell how ye pleasing plague stole on me & yet I'll swear I

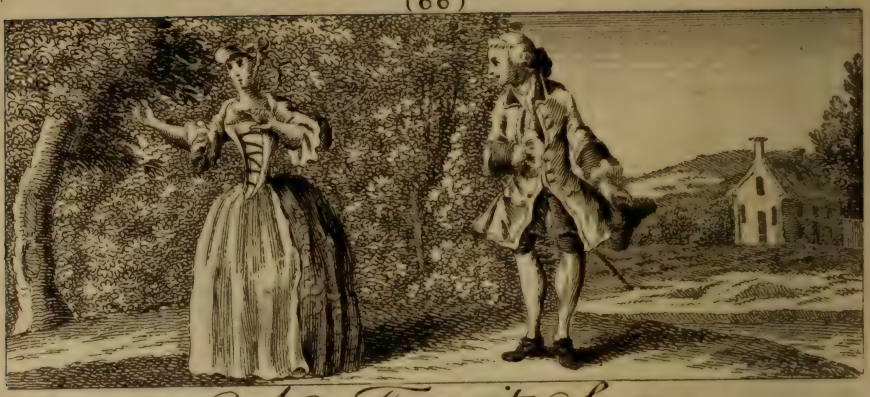
cant tell how the pleasing plague stole on me the pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her Face that love creates
For there no Graces revel.
'Tis not her shape for there ye Fates
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her Air, for sure in that
There's nothing more then common,
And all her Sence is only Chat,
Like any other Woman.

Her Voice, her Touch might give th'Alarm.
'Tis both perhaps, or neither:
In Short 'tis that provoking Charm,
Of Celia all together.

Ger. Flute.



A Favourite Song

Brisk

Gazing on my Idol Treasure

All my soul is lost in Joy she affords Eternal Pleasure & can Never Never

Cloy Gazing on my Idol Treasure all my soul is Lost in Joy in Joy...

she affords Eternal

Pleasure & can never never Cloy Every Motion Every Feature shine in some Ce

lestial Grace Never sure was Human Creature blest with such an Angels Face

The Lasses of the Brook

Slowly

On a brooks grassy

brink in y^e Willows cool Shade the Primroses pressing reclind a fair Maid she

prov'd o'er y^e Stream that limpd Tilly along well Pleas'd saw her self and thus tun'd her soft

Song well pleas'd saw her self and thus tun'd her soft Song

Tho the Squire's fine Sweet heart should look in y^e Stream
If the Chrystal tels truly more comely I seem
Whats y^e Daizy the Peach or the Strawberry Dye
With white & red blooming more Comely am I

As oft thro the Church Yard on Sunday I tread
While gaping Louts grinning o'er Tombstones are spread
With Raptures they praise me I keep on my Way
And down looking seem not to hear what they say

Each kneeling Swain loudly protests I am fair
Yet none can delight me till Strephon I hear
Speed your Search ye Shrill Songsters till Strephon ye see
Then tell him he's Stay'd for he's Stay'd for by me

The Judgment of Paris

Gently

pia

fort.

Distracted I turn but I

Cannot I cannot decide so equal a title sure

ne....ver was try'd so equal a title sure ne....ver was

try'd sure ne....ver was try'd U..nited your Beauties so

daz zle my Sight that lost in a maze I gid....di.ly

Set to Musick by Mr Arne

Gaze confus'd and o'erwhelm'd with a torrent of Light con

fus'd and o'erwhelm'd with a torrent of Light with a tor....rent of

Light A part let me View then each

Heav'n by Fair for three at a time there's no Mortal can

bear.....for three at a

time there's no Mortal can bear there's no Mortal can bear

Sung by Mr Beard

And since a gay Robe an ill Shape may disguise
when each is undrest I'll Judge of the best I'll
Judge of the best for tis not a Face that must carry the
Prize ---------- for tis not a
Face that must carry the Prize that must carry the Prize
pia for

The Address

Tenderly

Tell me my lovely charming fair why thus you slight my constant Flame

why thus you slight my constant Flame

tell me why thus I must despair & ease oh ease your

anxious Swain tell me why thus I must despair and ease oh ease your

anxious Swain.

Lost in a Maze of sweet delight Why then my Celia this disdain
I wander o'er thy Beauteous charms To one who loves beyond compare
Yet still thy Beauteous mind more bright You rather pity to the Swain
Inspires my Soul with fresh alarms Should give than add to his despair

Try to be kind and in return
Reward with Love your faithfull Swain
And in a mutual passion burn
That so we ever Blest remain

A two part Song

He Comes he Comes the Hero comes Sound Sound your Trumpets beat beat

He Comes the Hero comes Sound Sound your Trumpets beat beat

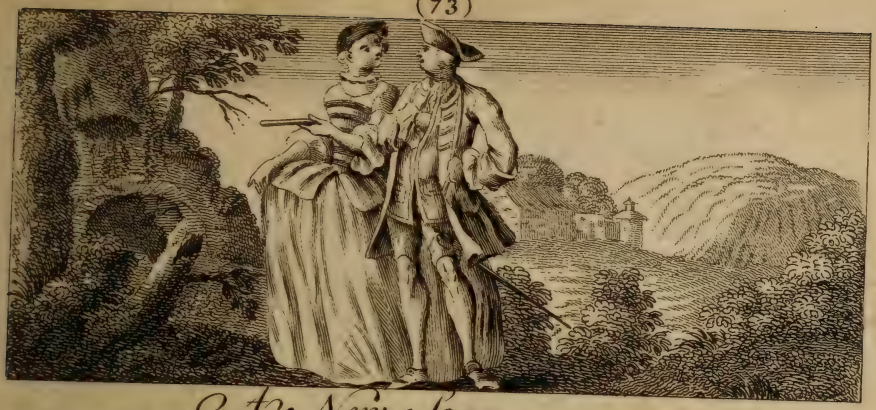
Your Drums from Port to Port let Cannons roar his Welcome to the

Your Drums from Port to Port let Cannons roar his Welcome to the

British Shore Welcome Welcome Welcome Welcome Welcome to the British Shoar

British Shoar Welcome Welcome Welcome to the British Shoar

Prepare prepare your Songs prepare
Loud loudly rend the Ecchoing Air
From Pole to Pole your Joys resound.
For Virtue is with Glory crownd.
Virtue Virtue Virtue Virtue.
Virtue is with Glory Crownd.



A New Song

The other Day young Strephon met me in a lonely
Grove upon the Verdant Turf he sate & told fine Tales of Love he
Squeez'd my Hand w^th Ardent Zeal I felt the Thrilling touch young Love thro' w'ry
Vein dud steal all Maids would feel as much

Of ev'ry Flower then he Stole
A pleasing wreath to bring
Compos'd of all that May unfolds
The Gayest Charms of Spring
Compares the Snow drop to my Skin
The Roses to my Blush
If this is Flattry Sure 'tis kind
All Maids would wish as much

From all he Gull'd a branch of Bays
Then on my Breast reclin'd
He wore that Emblem of that praise
Which Seamed from my Mind
For Virtue there he Cry'd in vain
Few Maids can boast of such
Then kiss'd my Cheeks & bless'd his fate
What Maid wont wish as much

Fye Shepherd 'tis too much I vow
I durst not yet consent
Cry'd he what can prevent us now
And wonder'd what I meant
So sweet his Sighs so gay his Air
I yielded to his touch
Nor could I longer cry forbear
What Maid wont do as much

The Slighted Nymph. Set by Mr. Granom

To Sooth my Chloes

Pensive grief I Study'd every Art till quite o'ersparing of relief I offer'd

her my Heart I offer'd her my Heart she took it prize with raptrous Joy &

gave her heart in change No sooner I possess'd the Toy then mine began to

range then mine began to range range.

No more does Chloes beauteous face
Please her false Strephons Eyes;
Belinda fraught with every Grace,
Does Chloes Charms supply.
The slighted Nymph thus soon perceiv'd,
With looks of cold disdain,
Too soon She found herself deceiv'd,
Too late to ease her pain.

Gay Polly

set by Mr. Defasch

To make me
feel a Virgins Charms whose prices had denyd gay Poll came tempting to my arms for marriage
have denyd
I kiss'd her lips and Straitway
found such Sweetness there in Store that tho I had receivd one wound I wishd for twenty
More that tho I had receivd one wound I wishd for twenty more

My new born flame now Stranger grew,
I thought to cool my Rage,
But oh! the fair Avenger flew,
Nor would my pain asswage.
Then boast not man thou fluttering fool,
Boast not of thy own will
For know when Woman thinks to rule
Her Charms have Pow'r to kill.

Russells Triumph or

Moderately

Thursday in the Morn the Nineteenth of May recorded for ev'er the

famous Ninety two brave Russel did discern by break of Day the

Lofty Sails of France advancing too all Hands aloft they cry let

English Courage shine let fly a Culverine the Signal of the Line let

ev'ry Man supply his Gun follow me you shall see that by Battle it will

Soon be won follow me you shall see that the Battle it will soon be won

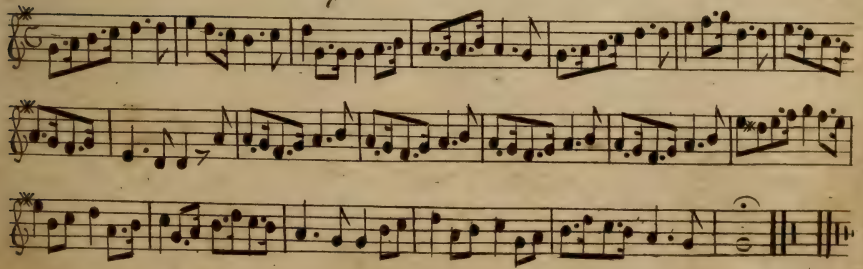
the Memorable Ninety two

Fourville on the main triumphant roul'd
To meet the gallant Russel in combat o'er the deep.
He led his noble troops of heroes bold,
To Sink the English Admiral and his Fleet.
Now every gallant mind to victory does aspire.
The bloody fights begun, the sea is all on fire;
And mighty fate stood looking on;
Whilst the flood, all with blood,
Fill the skippers of the rising Sun.

Sulphur smoak and fire disturbing the air,
With thunder & wonder affright the Gallic Shore.
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see their lofty Streamers now no more.
At Six o'clock the red, the smiling victors led
To give the Second blow, the Total overthrow.
Now death and horror equal reigns;
Now they cry, Run or die;
British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See they fly amaz'd o'er rocks and sands;
One danger they grasp, to shun a greater fate;
In vain they cry'd for aid, to Weeping Lands.
The nymps and Sea-gods mourn their lost estate.
For evermore adieu, thou ever dazzling Sun;
From thy untimely end thy Masters fate begun.
Enough thou mighty god of war,
Now we've sing, bless the king.
Let us drink to every English tar.

For the German Flute



The Charms of Celia

Slowly

With ev'ry Charm was Celia grac'd, ye gazers Heart to move her person noble

Manners chaste & gentle as a Dove but

he who bids her Eye with sense & well meant lustre roll did not those proper Aids dis

pence which brightens up the Soul

In vain She dayly went to Mass,
Religion, so Confin'd
The Church-secure about the case
Had ne'er Inform'd her mind.
Celia in all her Charms array'd,
And Riches weds a Boor
And is, (in Spite of Marriage made
By Inocst worse then Whore.

A Favourite Song

Set by Count St Germain

O wouldst thou know what Sacred Charms this destind Heart of
mine alarms this destind Heart of mine alarms
What kind of Nymph ye Heavns decree ye maid thats made for love to me
The Maid that's made for Love to me.

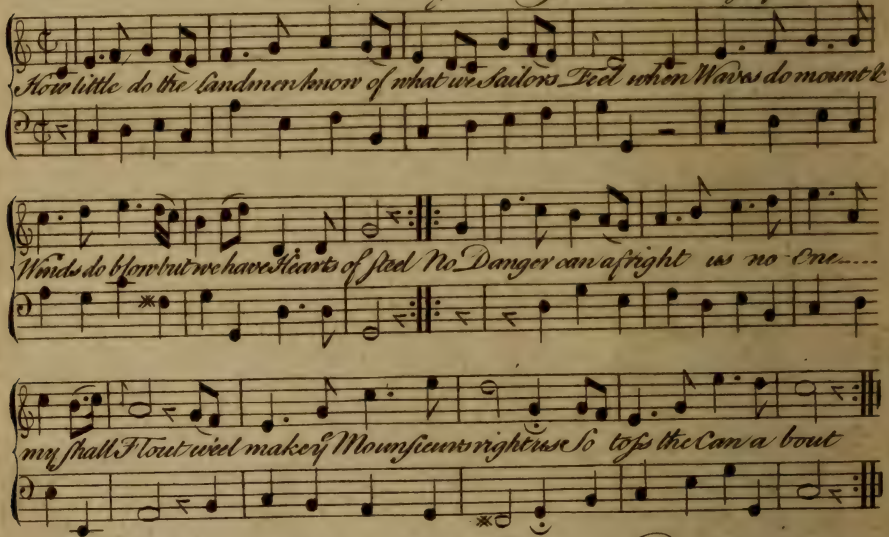
Who Joys to hear the Sigh sincere
Who melts to see the tender Tear
From each ingentle Passion free
O be the Maid thats made for me

Whose Heart with generous friendship glows
Who feels the blessings she bestows
Gentle to all but kind to me
Be such the Maid thats made for me

Whose simple thoughts devoid of Art
Are all the Natives of her Heart
A gentle train from falshood free
Be such ye Maid thats made for me

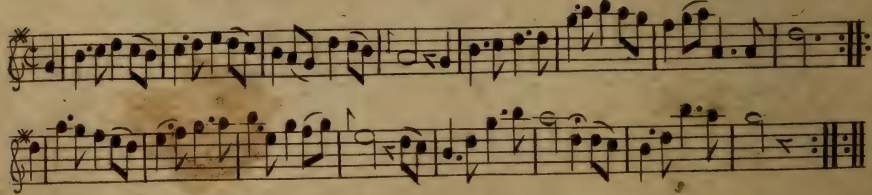
Avaunt ye light Coquets retire
Where flattering Fops around admire
Unmovd your tinsel Charms I see
More genuine Beauties are for me

The Words by Mr Garrick Sung by Mr Beard


How little do the Landmen know of what we Sailors Feel when Waves do mount le
Winds do blow but we have Hearts of Steel No Danger can affright us no One.....
my shall Flout well make'em Mounsieurs right use So toss the Can a bout

Stick stout to Orders Mess mates.
We'll plunder Burn and sink;
Then France have at your first Rate
For Britons never shrink.
We'll rummage all we fancy.
We'll bring them in by Scores:
And Moll, & Kate, and Nancy.
Shall roll in Louis Dors.

While here at Deal we're lying.
With our noble Commodore;
We'll spend our Wages freely Boys,
And then to Sea for more;
In Peace we'll drink & sing Boys.
In War we'll never fly.
Here's health unto our King Boys.
And the Royal Family.



The Swains Resolution

Set by Mr Dunn

The

formd by the tend'rest care of young Love a wonderfull Cluster of Charms you appear so

sweet no May morning so gentle no Dove the Rose not so blooming the Lilly so fair

yet nothing shou'd make me submit to your Chain for free I was born and as

free will remain for free I was born & as free I remain

Tho' Diamonds were dull'd when matchd with thy Eyes,
Tho' Ermine and Snow were disgrac'd by your Skin,
Your Soul too was lovely enchanting & wise,
All Lustre without & all Sweetness within. Yet nothing &c.

Tho' black as y Jet with a beauti full Turne,
Your delicate Tresses all wantonly flow'd;
Your Shape was Perfection your Air was divine,
You spoke like an Angel & mov'd like a God. yet nothing &c.

Gay Florimell

Set by Mr Arne

Florimell of noble birth the most engaging thing on Earth to please a blith Gallant to

Please a blith Gallant Has much of Wit and much of Worth & much of Sweetness to set it forth but

than she has an Aunt but then she has an Aunt

How oft Alas in vain I've try'd
To tempt her from her Guardians side
And trap her on Love's Hook,
She's like a little wanton Lamb,
That friskes about the careful Dam
But shuns the Shepherd's Crook.

Like curst rich Dives am I placid
To see the Joys I ne'er must taste,
Of all my hopes bereaven,
Her Aunt's by dreadful Gulps betrait
By all the powrs of Malice fraught
To cheat me of my Heavn.

The Honey Moon

Moderate

As May in all her youthfull Dress so Gay my Love did once appear A Spring of

Charms adornid her face the Rose and Lilly flourishid there Thus whilst th' Enjoyment was but

young each Night new Pleasures did Create Ambrosial Words dropt from her Tongue &

amorous Cupids round did wait

But as y^e Sun to West declines. To Love while in her blooming hour:
The Eastern Sky does colder grow. My Chloe was all kind and gay:
And all its radiant looks resigns But when Possession nipt that flowr
So y^e pale Moon that rules below: Her Charms like Autumn dryst away

A Favourite Song

in Compass of the German flute

Moderately

tr tr tr

:S:

:S:

My Fair ye Swains is gone astray & little wand'rer

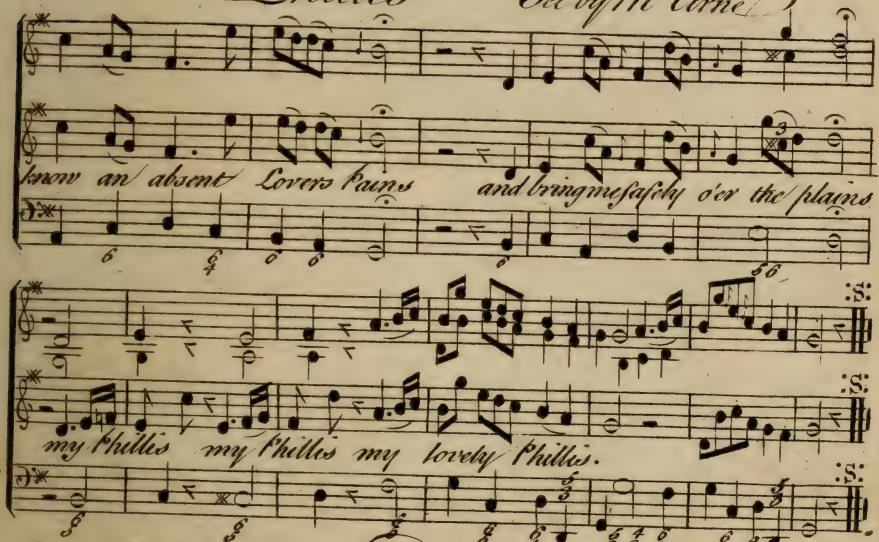
:S:

lost her way In gathring Flowrs the other Day Poor Phillis Poor

Phillis Poor lovely Phillis Ah lead her home ye gentle Swains who

Phillis

Set by Mr Corne



Conceive what Tortures rack my mind,
And if you'll be so Just and kind,
I'll give you certain marks to find
My Phillis.

When e'er a Charming form you see
Serenely Grave, sedately Free,
And mildly gay, it must be She,
'Tis Phillis.

Not boldly bare, or half undrest,
But under Covert lightly prest,
In secret Plays the little Breast
Of Phillis.

When such a Heav'nly Voice you hear,
As makes you think a Dryad near;
Then seize her, bring her home my Dear
'Tis Phillis.

The Nymph whose Person void of art,
Has ev'ry Grace in ev'ry part,
With murd'ring Eyes yet harmless heart,
Is Phillis.

Whose Teeth are like an Ivory Row,
Whose Skin is like a Clearest Snow,
Whose Face like—nothing that I know,
Is Phillis.

But rest my Soul, & bless your fate,
The Gods who form'd a Piece so neat,
So Just, exact, and oh compleat,
As Phillis.

Proud of their Art in such a Pow'r
Which so exemplifies their Pow'r,
Will Guard in ev'ry dangerous Hour
My Phillis.

Why so Pale

Set by Mr Arne

Moderato

Why so pale and wan fond Lover prithee prithee why so pale if thy looking well can't

move her will thy looking ill prevail will thy looking ill prevail prithee prithee why so

pale why so pale and wan fond Lover prithee prithee why so

pale why prithee why so pale if thy looking well can't move her will thy looking ill pre

vail prithee prithee why so pale

Why so dull & mute young Sinner
Why so dull so dull & mute
If thy Speaking well can't win her
Will thy saying nothing do't
Why so dull so dull & mute.

Quit for Shame this will not gain her
This will never never do
If thy whining can't attain her
Then no more no more persue
Fly from her as she flys you.

Pitty Patty

Set by Mr Arne

Slowly

The Manner sweet

Peggy arose from her bed &c Stole to the Chamber where lay sweet maid and op'ning the Curtain such

Joy fill'd my Breast & my Heart pit-a-pat'd Pitty Pitty Patty

But finding she Slept, O how great was my Bliss,
When on her sweet Lips I imprinted a Kiss,
The Sight of her Bosoms so fill'd me with Glee,
My Heart play'd a tune that went Pitty Patty.

Grown bold with success, I ventur'd to take,
A second Salute and sweet Peggy did wake,
Surpriz'd at my Presence she blush'd & cry'd fye,
Tho her Heart play'd a tune that went Pitty Patty.

Plain Truth

Moderately brisk

The Man who seeks to win the fair so Custom says must

Truth forbear Must fawn & flatter cringe and lye and raise the Goddess

to the Sky.

For Truth is hateful to her Ear;
A Rudeness which she cannot bear.
A Rudeness yes I speak my Thoughts,
For Truth upbraids her with her faults.

How wretched Chloe then am I,
Who love you & yet cannot lye;
And still to make you less my Friend,
I strive your Errors to amend.

Oh Lovely Maid

Tenderly — Set by Mr. Arne

Oh Lovely Maid how

Dear thy pow'r at once I love at once adore with wonder are my

thoughts possest while soft fast love Inspires my breast while soft fast love In

spires my breast

Yes charming Victor I am thine
Poor as it is this heart of mine
Was never in another's pow'r
Was never pierc'd by Love before
Was never &c.

In thee I've treasur'd up my Joy,
Thou can'st give bliss or it destroy,
And thus I've bound myself to Love
While Bliss or Misery can move,
While Bliss &c.

Oh should I ever possess thy charms
Ever meet my Comfort in thy arms
Where hopes of dear Enjoyment gone
Still would I Love, Love the alone
Still would I &c.

But like some discontent'd Shade
That till Ev'ning wears its body's laid
Mournful I'd roam with hallow glare
For ever exiled from the fair:
For ever &c.

Anacreon's Dream Set by Dr Green

brisk

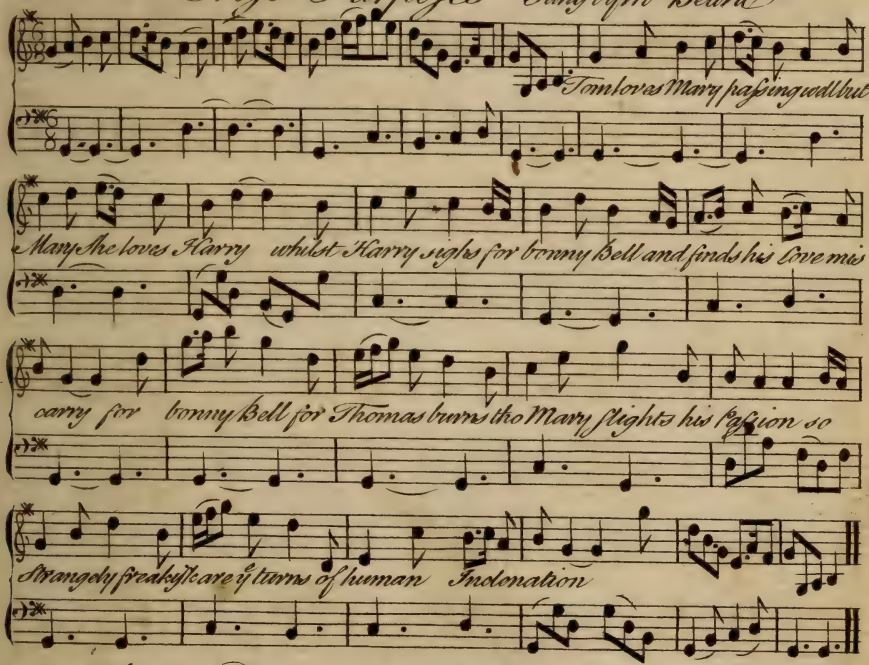
As I on purple Tapestry lay and slept the tedious Night away well
warm'd within with Sparkling Wine I seem'd with Virgins brisk as May to
Dance and Sing and wanton Play well warm'd within with sparkling Wine I
seem'd with Virgins brisk as May To Dance & Sing and wanton Play

The Shepherds all together flew,
And envious glanc'd & look'd askew:
And every Swain upon the Plain
Both envy'd and reproach'd me too
That I with Virgins had to do.

An amorous kiss I would have taken,
But waking found my hopes were vain
Then Curs'd the day whose glaring Ray
Bereav'd me of so Sweet a Pain,
Then strove to Sleep & dream again.

Cross Purposes

Sung by Mr Beard


Tom loves Mary passing well but
Mary she loves Harry whilst Harry sighs for bonny Bell and finds his Love mis
carry for bonny Bell for Thomas burns tho Mary slights his Passion so
Strangely freaks of Fate are y^e turns of human Inclonation

As much as Mary Thomas Grieves,
Proud Hall despises Mary.
And all y^e Flouts that Bell receives
From Tom she vents on Harry.
Thus all by turns are wood & wooe
Nor Turtles can be truer,
Each loves y^e Objects they pursue,
But hates the kind Pursuer.

Moll gave Hall a Wreath of Flowrs,
Which he in am'rous Folly;
Consigned to Bell's in fav'r Hours,
It came again to Molly.
If one of all y^e four has frown'd,
You ne'er saw People grummer:
If one has smil'd it catches round,
And all are in good Humour.

Then Lovers hence this Lesson learn,
Throughout the British Nation!
How much 'tis every one's Concern,
To smile & Reformation,
And still thro' Life this Rule pursue,
Whatever Objects strike ye
Be kind to them that fancy you,
That those you love may like ye.

Ariels Song in the Tempest

Moderately

Fia For Fia

:S: :S:

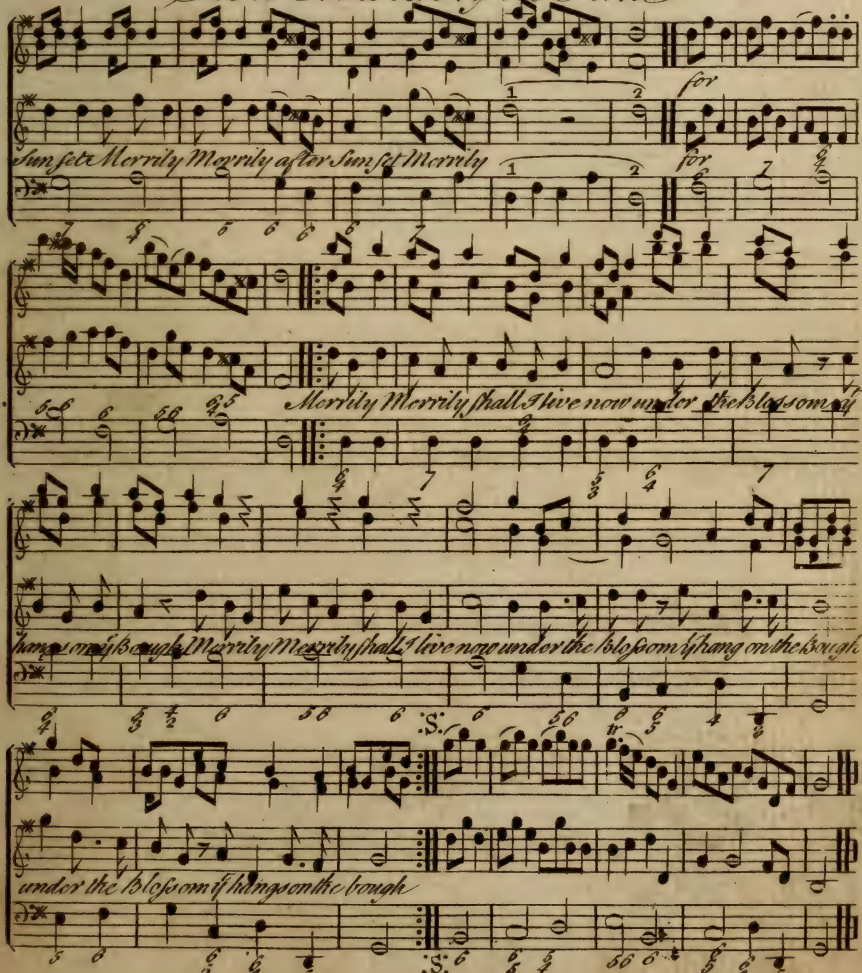
for Fia

Where the Bee sucks there lurk I In a

Cowslips bed I lye there I couch when Owls do cry when Owls do cry when Owls do

cry On the Bats back do I fly after

Set to Musick by Mr. Arne


for
for
Sun sets Merrily Merrily after Sun set Merrily
Merrily Merrily shall I live now under the blossom
hang on the Bough Merrily Merrily shall I live now under the blossom that hang on the Bough
:S:
:S:
under the blossom that hangs on the bough

A Favourite Song — Set by H. Oswald

Moderate

From the Manichom I love the my

Heart I disguise I will freely describe the Wretch I despise and if he has sense but to

ballance a straw he will sure take the Hint from the Picture I draw and if he has sense but to

ballance a straw he will sure take the Hint from the Picture I draw

A Wit without Sense, without Fancy a Beau.
Like a Parrot he chatters, and Struts like a Crow.
A Peacock in Pride, in Grimace a Baboon.
In Courage a Kind, in Conceit a Gascoon.

As a Vulture rapacious, in Fatt'ry a Fox.
Inconstant as Waves and unfeeling as Rocks.
As a Tyger ferocious prevenge as a Hog,
In Mischief an Ape and in fawning a Dog.

In a Word to sum up all his Talents together.
His Heart is of Lead & his Brain is of Feather.
Yet if he has sense but to ballance a Straw.
He will sure take the Hint from the Picture I draw.

The Maidens Choice

Moderate

If Ever Oh Hymen I Add to thy

Tribe let such be my Partner my Muse shall describe not in Party to high nor in Stature to

low not the least of a Clown nor to Much of a Beau

Be his Person Genteel and Engageing his Air
His Temper Still yeilding his Soul too Sincere,
Not a Dupe to his Passion gainst Reason to Move,
But kind to the sweetest in the Passion of Love.

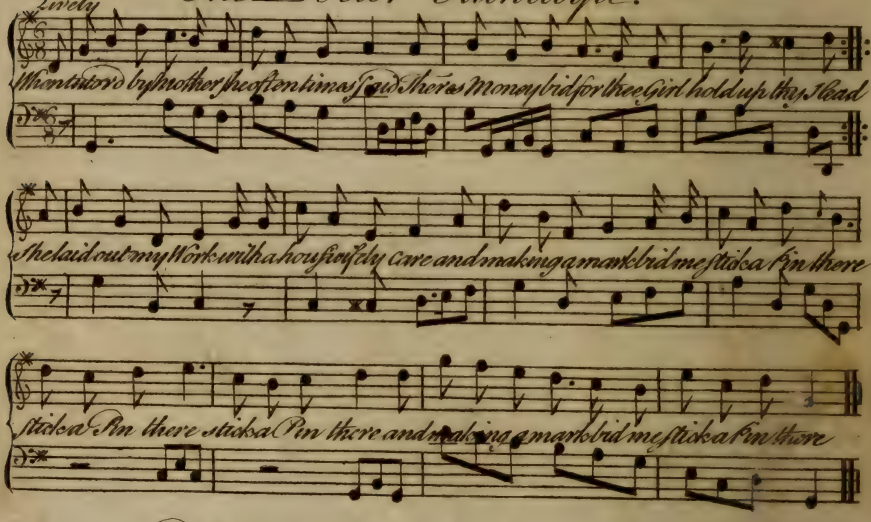
Let honour Commendable Pride in the Sex,
His Notions Direct & his Principles fix,
No Groundless Suspition must he Ever surmise,
Nor Jealously Read every look in my Eyes.

If Such a blest Youth should approve of my Charms,
And no thought of Interest his Bosom Alarms,
Then in Wedlock I'll Join with a Mutual desire,
And Prudence shall Cherrish the Wavering Fire.

Thus Time shall glide on unperceivid in Decay,
Each Night shall be Blessfull & happy each Day,
Such a Partner grant Heaven with my Pray'r O Comply,
Or a Maid let me Live & a Maid let me Dye.

The Doctor Outwitty'd.

Lively


When introduc'd by my Brother she often times said There was Money bid for thee Girl hold up thy Head
She laid out my Work with a housewifely Care and making a mark bid me stick a Pin there
Stick a Pin there stick a Pin there and making a mark bid me stick a Pin there

The humour so pleas'd me how ever absurd
That in spight of my Teeth it became a cant Word
And once when the Parson had ended his Prayr
I could not help calling out stick a Pin there Stick a Pin &c

He came to my Mother & loudly complain'd
His Pardon I ask'd but my Sorrow was feign'd
And before he could clap his fat Bum in a Chair
I slily stoop'd down & did stick a Pin there. Stick a Pin &c

I met my dear Jack in a Field of new Hay
He kiss'd me & toy'd me with amorous Play
At oneen Groom he gave me & swore it was fair
Hold Sirrah said I would you stick a Pin there Stick a Pin &c

He often attempted to ruffle my Charms
& so often I push'd the dear Youth from my Arms
But sooner or later he'll baffle my Care
For Jack is my Lad that shall stick a Pin there stick a Pin &c

A New Song Sung by Mr Beard

Sprightly

All

Sing you a Song that shall suit you all round the Tale may be Old but the Moral is

Sound a Virgin as sweet as a Morning in May once lov'd a young Shepherd of

Merit they say Once lov'd a young Shepherd of merit they say

Her Father refus'd him for he had not Gold,
As Avrice too often will cleave to the Old;
And gave her for a Coxcomb well furnish'd with Sence,
Who had every Endowment save Honour & Sense.

But bold Robin Hood in a lucky Disguise,
Impos'd on the Wretch tho' he saw with four Eyes,
And you Master Fort one take this for a Rule,
No Woman of Spirit will stoop to a Fool.

And thus then not having detain'd you too long,
I hope I may merit your Thanks for my Song,
If you do not like it on others I'll call!
Come trip it to every Green wood my merry Men all.

A Favourite Song Set by Mr. Handell

Moderately Brisk

I like the

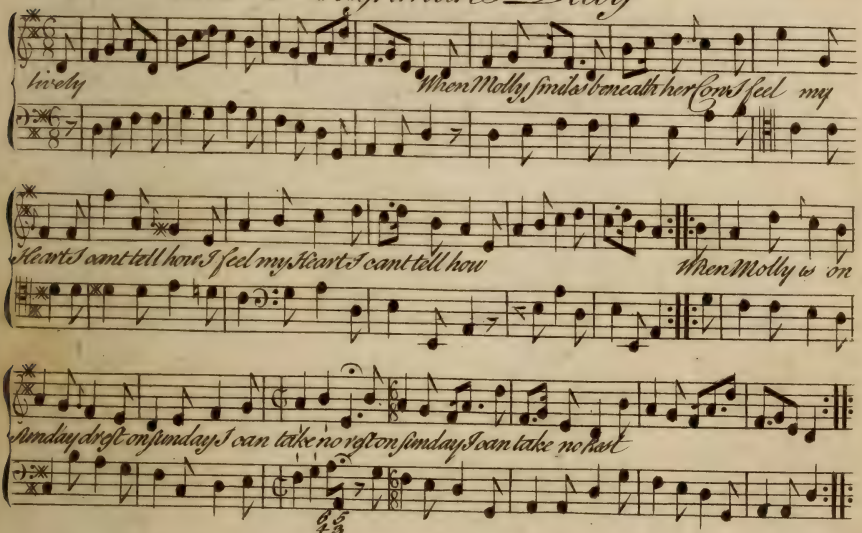
Amorous Youth that free his Passion to declare for Vig rous

Importunity never fails never fails never fails to win the fair

None Cupid fear but fools the Boy
Hurts none who Valiant prove
Gives Sweetness all & Gentle Joy
To those who are Skill'd in Love.

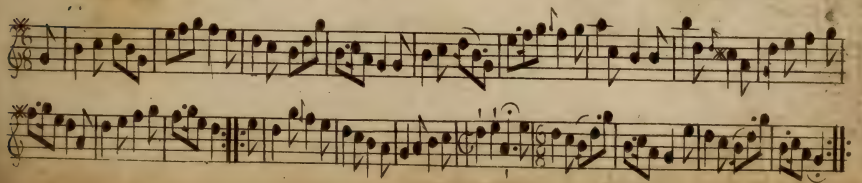
Then Love my Dear and Since lifes prime
So Swiftly flies Away
Lets by the Forelock seize old Time
And Revel whilst we May.

The Ploughman's Ditty


lively
When Molly smiles beneath her Coss I feel my
Heart I cant tell how I feel my Heart I cant tell how
When Molly is on
Sunday dright on sunday I can take no right on sunday I can take no rest

What can I do on Working Days
I leave my Work on her to gaze
What shall I say at Sermon I
Forget the Text when Mollys by

Good Master Curate teach me how
To Mind your Preaching & my Plough
And if for this you'll raise a Spell
A Good fat Goose shall thank you well



Go Rose

Moderately slow

Go Rose, my Chloe's Bosom Grace my Chloe's Bosom Grace; how

happy should I prove, how happy should I prove, might I supply that envyd place to

never fading Love, with never fading Love. There Phenix like, be

neath her Eye involvd in fragrance burn and Die ..... be

neath her Eye involvd in fragrance burn and Die .....

lively

..burn and Die Know hapless Flower hapless flower

Set by Dr Green

that thou shall find shall find more fragrant Rofes there more fragrant

Rofes there I see thy Withring head reclind with En vy and Dis

pair with En vy and Despair One common fate we both must prove

you Die with En vy I with love one common fate we both must

prove you Die with Envy I Die with love

you Die with Envy I with love you with Envy I with love

Dione

Set by Mr Arne

Moderately slow

Upon a Summers Evening clear Dione hapless maid all wan with love and pining

Care sought out a secret Shade how wretchid ah & changid am I unhappy maid said she no

Scene is pleasing to my Eyeno Flow'r is sweet to me no Bird is sweet to me

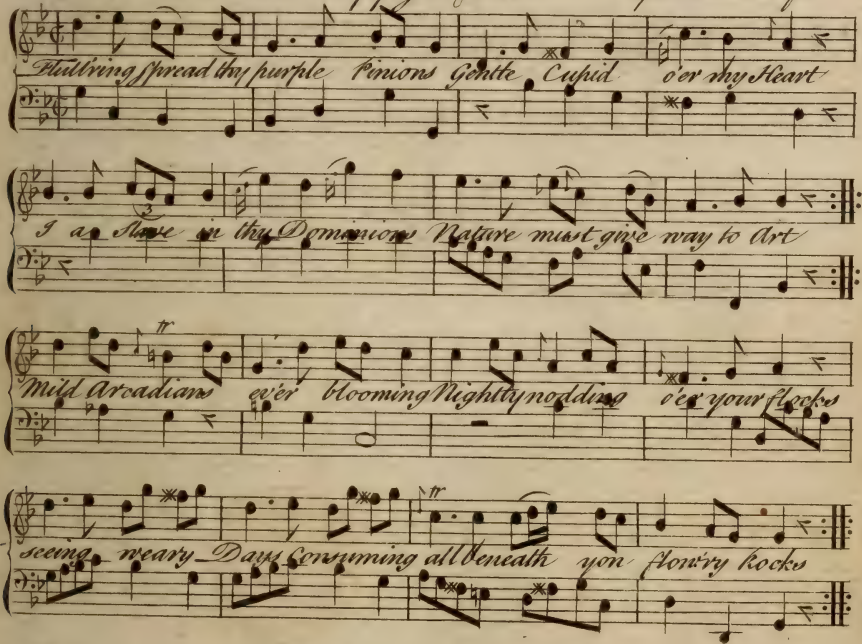
So many Vows could Collin make,
To me ah Faithless Swain!
And yet those plighted Vows now break
And leave me to complain.
Why did I rashly seek his arms,
And fond his Sale believe,
Alas I yielded all my Charms
Nor thought he could deceive!

Yet why at Roses such a Store,
And Lillies in my Face,
Since Lucy now can please you more
And claim your fond Embrace,
My brighest Charms I'd willing give,
Resign my rosy Hue,
Content with Lucy's Charms I'd live,
A rival Maid for you.

But Collin's deaf while I upbraid,
Nor heeds the Complaint
Thinks not that I'm the injur'd Maid,
And he the perjur'd Swain.
Yet know false Man Dione's Shade
To night you shall appear,
And when you climb the Marriage bed,
Dione will be there.

The Unhappy Lover

by Dean Swift


Fluttring spread thy purple Pinions Gentle Cupid o'er my Heart
I a Slave in thy Dominions Nature must give way to Art
Mild Arcadians ever blooming Nightly nodding o'er your flocks
seeing weary Days consuming all beneath yon flowry rocks

Thus the Cyprian Goddess weeping
Mourn'd Adonis darling Youth.
Him the Boar in Silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting Tooth.
Cynthia tune harmonious Numbers
Fair Discretion string thy Lyre,
Soothe my ever waking Slumbers,
Bright Apollo lend thy Choir.

Gloomy Pluto King of Terrors,
Arm'd in Adamantine Chains
Lead me to the Chrystal Mirrors,
Watring soft Elysian Plains.
Mournfull Cypresses verdant Willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brow,
Morpheus shov'ring o'er my Pillow,
Hear me pay my dying Vow.

Melancholly Smooth Meander,
Swiftly purling in a Round,
On thy Margin Lovers wander,
With thy flowry Chaplets crown'd
Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly seeks some silent Mate,
See the Bird of Jove stooping,
Melody resigns to Fate.

The Scholar's Relapse set by Mr Arne

Gently

By the side of a Grove at y foot of a Hill where ever I sported & beath, where murmuring Rills where

Whisperd the Beech & where murmurd y Rills I vowed to the Muses my time & my Care since neither could win me y

smiles of my Fair since neither could win me y smiles of my Fair

Free I rang'd, like the Birds, like y Birds free I sung,
And Daphnes dear name ne'er escapd from my tongue.
When ere'r a smooth Accent delighted my Ear,
I wishd unawares, that my Daphne might hear.

With fairest Ideas my Soul I storid,
Allusions to none but the Nymph I adord,
And the more I with Study my fancy refind,
The deeper Impression she made on my Mind.

So long as of Nature the Charms I pursue,
I still must my Daphnes dear Image renew.
The Graces have yielded with Daphne to rove,
And the Muses are all in Alliance with Love.

The Inconstant

Brisk

Set by Mr. Jos.h Jackson

:S:

as late at Riddy dose of Day on yonder turf A lax-is lay A-lax-...wanton Boy a-...

:S:

...lax is wan ton Boy

The gay lu cin da sported by Pastora

breath'd the tender Sigh Pastora breathd ye tender Sigh But Mi ra still was coy But

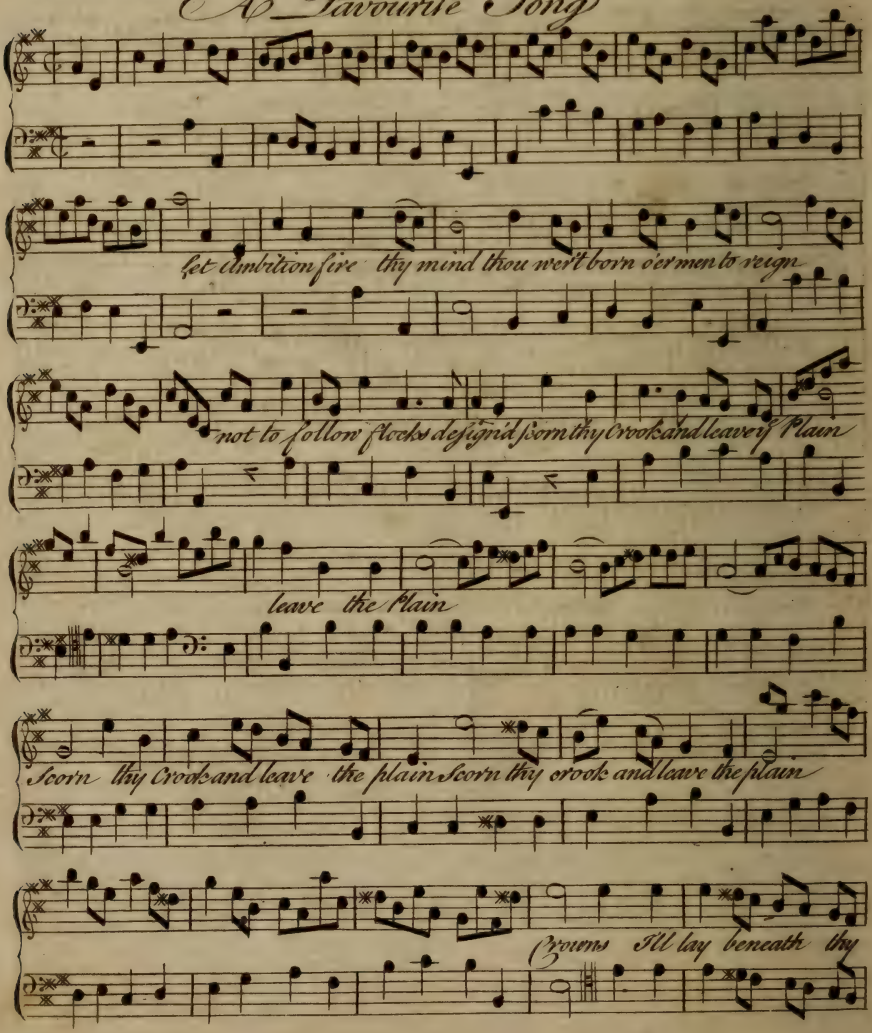
Mira still was coy

The laughing Delia stole his Crook
And Laura glanced the wanton look
A hunt she would be kind:
Bright Daphne in yᵉ lonely Grove
A Signal gave a call to Love
But still the Swain was blind.

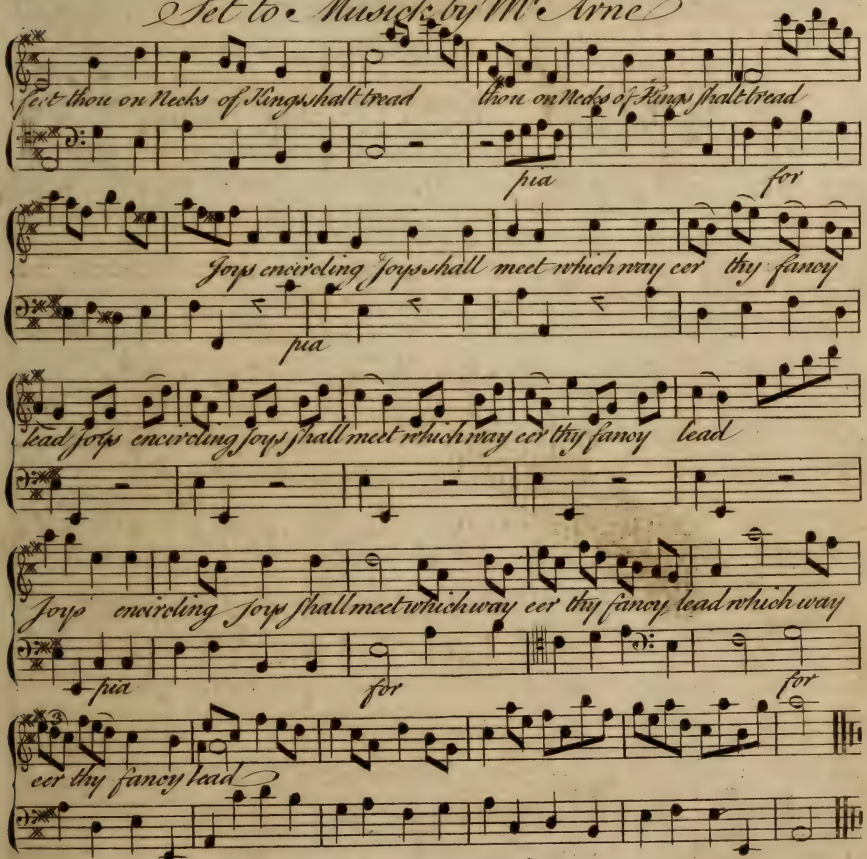
Nor Pastorella's Mien could charm
Nor Celias artfull Presence warm,
Nor Stellas Syren Tongue;
But Miras Eyes & Mien controul
And gazing all his raptur'd Soul,
Stood listning as she Sung.

But Ah when Mira learnd to Sigh
To Glance, to role the wanton Eye
To bless th' Inconstant Boy
As soon the faithless roaving Swain
Forsook the Nymph forsook the Plain
To find the Maid that's Coy.

A Favourite Song


fet ambition fire thy mind thou wert born o'er men to reign
not to follow flocks defign'd fcorn thy Crook and leave the Plain
leave the Plain
Scorn thy Crook and leave the plain Scorn thy crook and leave the plain
Crowns I'll lay beneath thy

Set to Musick by Mr Arne


feet thou on Necks of Kings shalt tread
thou on Necks of Kings shalt tread
pia
for
Joys encircling Joys shall meet which way eer thy fancy
pia
lead Joys encircling Joys shall meet which way eer thy fancy lead
Joys encircling Joys shall meet which way eer thy fancy lead which way
pia
for
for
eer thy fancy lead

Let not Toils of Empire fright,
Toils of Empire Pleasures are:
Thou shalt only know Delight,
All the Joy, but not the Care.
Shepherd, if thou yieldst the Prize,
For the Blessings I bestow,
Joyfull I'll attend the Skyes,
Happy thou shalt reign below.

Cupid's Mistake the Words by Matt.w Prior

Not too fast

As Afternoon one Summers Day Venus stood bathing in a River Cupid a

As Af ter noon one Summers Day Venus stood bathing in a River

Shooting went that way new strung his Bow new strung his Bow new strung his

Cupid a shooting went that way new filld his Quiver new filld his Quiver

Bow new strung his bow new filld his Quiver ith' fill he chose his Sharpest dart with all his might & all his

new strung his bow new filld his Quiver ith' fill he chose his Sharpest dart with all his might & all his

might this Bow he drew swift to his beautious Parents Heart swift to his beautious Parents Heart the too well

might this Bow he drew swift to his beautious Parents Heart

guided Arrow flew the too well guided Arrow flew I faint I die I faint

the too well guidd the too well guided Arrow flew I faint I die I faint

I die the Goddess cry'd oh Cruel coudst thou find coudst thou find none other oh

I die the Goddess cry'd oh cruel coudst thou find coudst thou find none other oh

Set to Musick by Wm Riley

cruel oh cruel oh cruel couldst thou find none other to wreak thy spleen on parricide to wreak thy

cruel oh cruel oh cruel couldst thou find none other to wreak thy spleen on parricide to wreak thy

spleen on parricide like Nero thou hast slain like Nero thou hast slain hast slain thy Mother

spleen on parricide like Nero thou hast slain like Nero thou hast slain hast slain thy Mother

Like Nero thou hast slain hast slain thy Mother poor Cupid sobbing scarce could

like Nero thou hast slain hast slain thy Mother poor Cupid sobbing scarce could

Speak indeed Mamma I did not know ye indeed indeed I did not

Speak in deed Mamma I did not know ye indeed indeed I did not

know ye Alass how easy how easy my Mistake I took you for your

know ye Alass how easy how easy my Mistake I took you for your

likeness Chloe I took you for your likeness Chloe

likeness Chloe I took you for your likeness Chloe

The Blush

Moderately slow

On a Primrose Bank by a murmuring Stream Iss
Tora sat singing & I woo'd her Theme whilst Ruth & her Beauty behind a green Bush I listend to
hear her sweet tale with a Blush Of all the young Shepherds Pipe on the Reed too
Damon alone I can fancy indeed I tell him I value him
not of a Rush Yet surely I love him or why do I Blush Yet surely I love him or why do I Blush

When I went to the Grove at y^e top of a Hill
It was the last May I remember it still,
He brought me a nosegay of young Lime to guide Blush
And I the kind present receivd with a Blush,
Whenever he meets me he'll simper & Smile,
I seem as I did not observe him the while
He offerd to kiss me I gave him a push
Why can't you be easy I cryd with a Blush,
Why can't you &c.

One Sunday he came to intreat me to walk,
'Twas down in a Meadow of Love was our talk,
He call'd me his dearest pray Damon be hush,
There's somebody coming I cry'd with a Blush
My Mother she chides when I mention his name,
For bids me to go to the Meadow again,
But sure for his sake I'll venture a brush,
For love him I do I confess with a Blush.
For love him &c.

Thus warbled the fair and my Heart leapt for Joy,
Tho little she thought that her Damon was nigh,
But chancing to spy me behind a green Bush,
She ended her song and arose with a Blush,
The last Verse to be sung twice over.

NB

Contentment

Tenderly

To meet with contentment oft times had I try'd but found a contentment twere ever de

ny'd till Phillis my charmer inclined to Love then all my moments in Harmony

move my Heart that before was so Restive all day from ye smiles of my

Phillis is gladsome & Gay no more is the Anguish no more is ye pain since Phillis is

Loveing how blest is the Swain

If Friendship affords any Blessing in life,
How rich be that Blessing when met in a Wife;
Imparting her thoughts when my Phillis incline,
Her converse improves and her kindness refine.
How vain the ambitious or Misers pursuit,
The Libertines revell to tast of that fruit,
Two only secur'd when two Hearts can agree,
And meet with affection like Phillis & me.

The Complaint

Set by Mr Arne

Tenderly

Behold ye sweet flowers around with all the bright beauty they wear yet none on the plain can be

found so lovely so lovely so lovely as Celia is fair so lovely as Celia is fair yes

Warblers come raise ye sweet Airs no longer in silence remaining long in silence restrain'd and a fond soft'ning Notes to

Soften to soften to soften my Celia's disdain to soften my Celia's disdain

Oft Times in yon Flowry Vale
I breath my Complaints in a Song.
Fair Flora attends the soft Tale:
And sweetens the Borders along.
But Celia whose Breath might perfume
The Bosom of Flora in May:
Still frowning Pronounces my Doom:
Regardless of all I can say.

The Miller's Wedding

Sung by Mr Beard

Briskly

Leave Neighbours your Work & to Sport & to play let the Tabor strike up & the Village be gay let the

Tabor strike up & the Village be gay No Day thro' y Year shall more Chearful be seen for Ralph of the

Mill marries Sue of th' Green for Ralph of the Mill marries Sue of the Green I love Sue and

Sue loves me & while the Wind blows & while the Mill goes we'll be so happy so happy as we

Let Lordes & fine Folkes who for Wealth take a Bride,
Be marryed to Day & to morrow be clovid,
My Body is stout & my Heart is as Sound,
And my Love like my Courage will never give Ground I love &c.

Let Ladies of Fashion the best Jointers wed,
And prudently take the best Bidders to Bed,
Such Signing & Sealing is no part of our Bliss,
We settle our Hearts & we Seal with a Kiss, I love &c.

Tho Ralph is not courtly nor none of your Beaus,
Nor bounces nor flatters nor wears your fine Cloaths,
In nothing I'll borrow the Folly of high Life,
Nor e'er turn his Back on his Friend or his Wife, I love &c.

While thus I am able to work at my Mill,
While thus thou art kind & thy Tongue but lye still,
Our Joys shall continue and ever be new,
And none be so happy as Ralph & his Sue; I love &c.

To Sylvia

Brisk

Why shine those

Charming eyes so bright & flatter us with Joy if all their fierce malignant light serve

only to destroy

A Damon in an

Angels dress may be false kays Surprize yet Mischief still the Fiend confess in

spight of the disguise

But Beauties of Celestial kind
The Heavnly nature shave
And when they would the Eye & mind
Are still as kind as fair.
With pleasure then I would adore
And bless the wounds you gave,
A willing Victim to your powr
That would not hurt but save.

The Disconsolate

Set by Mr. Hudson

Tenderly

No more attempt in soft'ast Strains, to give my Tortur'd
breast Relief: to give my Tortur'd breast Relief: each softer
Note my Loss complains, each tender Grace renews my Grief.

Since doom'd to Misery, my Love
In distant Climes a Pris'ner lyes,
No Joys my pearing Woes shall move
Can I rejoice while Strephon dyes.

Hence then each flatt'ring gay Delight,
My Bosom shall no pleasure know:
Since Strephon's ravish'd from my Sight,
These Brimy Streams shall ever flow.

For the German Flute

Jesse or the Happy Pair

Lively

How blest has my Time been what Days have I known since Wedlocks soft Bondage made Jesse my Own so Joyfull my Heart is so easy my Chain that Freedom is Tastless and Roaring a Pain that Freedom is tastless and Roving a Pain

Set to Musick by Mr Arne

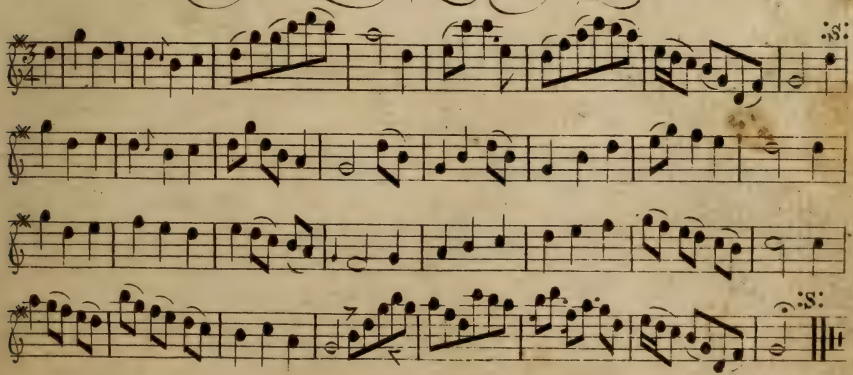
Thro' Walks grown with Woodbines as often we stray,
Around us our Girls and Boys frolick and play:
How pleasing their Sport as the Wanton ones See,
And borrow their Looks from my Jessy and me.

To try her Sweet Temper oft Times am I seen
In revels all Day with the Nymphs of the Green;
Tho' painfull my Absence my doubts She beguiles,
And meets me at Night with Compliance and smiles.

What tho' on her Cheek the Rose loses its Hue?
Her Ease and Good humour bloom all the Year thro:
Time still as he flies brings Increase to her Truth,
And Gives to her Mind what he Steals from her youth.

Ye Shepherds so gay who make Love to ensnare,
And cheat with false Vows the too credulous Fair:
In Search of true Pleasure how vainly you roam,
To hold it for Life you must find it at home.

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE

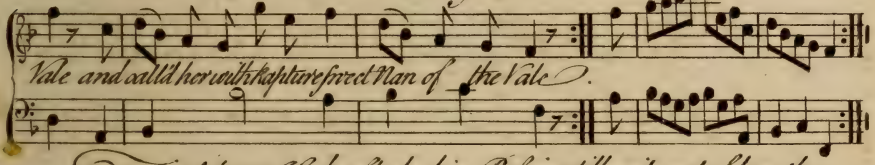


Nan of the Vale

Brisk

In a small pleasant Village by Nature compleat of a few honest peasants the quiet retreat there liv'd a young Lass of so lovely a Mien as seldom at Balls or at Courts can be seen The sweet damask Rose was full blown on her Cheek the Lilly display'd all its whiteon her Neck the Lads of the Village all strove to prevail and call'd her with Rapture sweet Nan of the Vale sweet Nan of the Vale sweet Nan of the

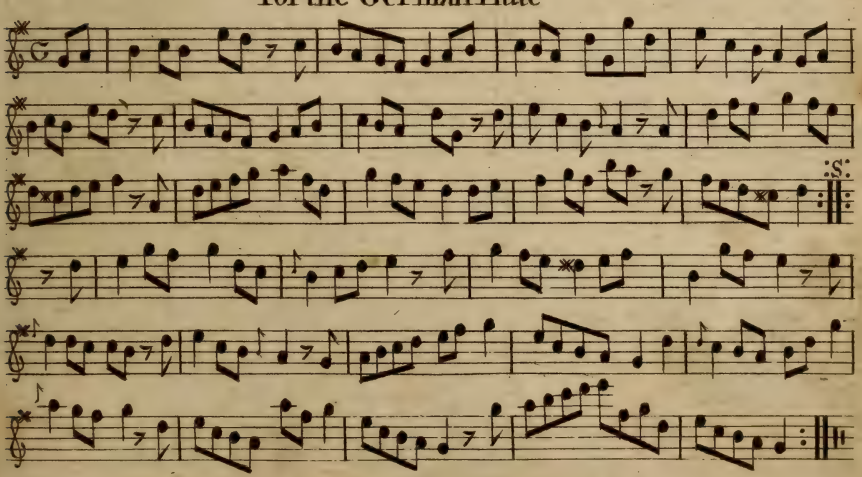
Set to Musick by Mr Arne



First poor Hodge spoke his Passion till quite out of breath,
Crying wounds, he could hug her & Kiss her to Death
And Dick with her Beauty was so much possess'd,
That he loath'd his food and abandon'd his Rest:
But she could find nothing in them to Endear
So sent each away with a Flea in his Ear.
And said no such Boobies could tell a love tale,
Or bring to compliance sweet Nan of the Vale.

Till young Roger the smartest of all the gay Green
Who late on a frolick to London had been,
Came back much Improv'd in his Air & Address.
And boldly attack'd her not fearing Success.
He said Heaven form'd such ripe lips to be Kiss'd
And press'd her so close that she could not resist.
He shew'd the dull Clowns the right way to assail,
And brought to his Wishes sweet Nan of the Vale.

For the German Flute



Strephon's Remonstrance

Set by Mr Lampe

Tenderly

When to my Cloe first I broke my Passion and my
mind her dear black Ora cles bespoke she would not be un
kind her Charming Tongue confes'd her Eyes in Accents near divine I
love I love she blushing Cries with you alone Ill Join

How frail her word how short my bliss,
How swift the Scene removes,
Thyrsis pass'd by without a kiss,
Alone dissolv'd our Loves;
What luckless Planet rul'd my birth
She Shuns me ev'ry where,
We Secret Wanderers on Earth
These Dictates to her bear.

See Chloe Suppliant on my Heart,
A Train of Smiling Boys;
Cupid produced them with his Dart
But your disdain destroys;
Behold their little pleading Hands,
To pass to you to live;
Obey that Nature then demands,
And bless me in a Wife.

A well a day

Set by Dr Green

Tenderly

The blytheſt bird that ſings in May was ne'er more blyth was ne'er more

Gay than I a-well-a-day, than I a-well-a-day. E'er

Collin yet had learn'd to ſigh, or I to gueſs the reaſon why,

Oh Love! a-well-a-day Oh Love! a-well-a-day.

We Kiſs'd we Toy'd, but neither knew
From whence theſe fond Endearments grew,
Till he-a-well-a-day,
By Time, and other Swains made wiſe,
Began to talk of Hearts & Eyes.
And Love-a-well-a-day.

Kind nature now took Colins part.
My Eyes inform'd againſt my heart.
My Heart-a-well-a-day.
Strait glow'd it with thrilling ſimpathy,
And echo'd back each gentle ſigh.
Each ſigh-a-well-a-day.

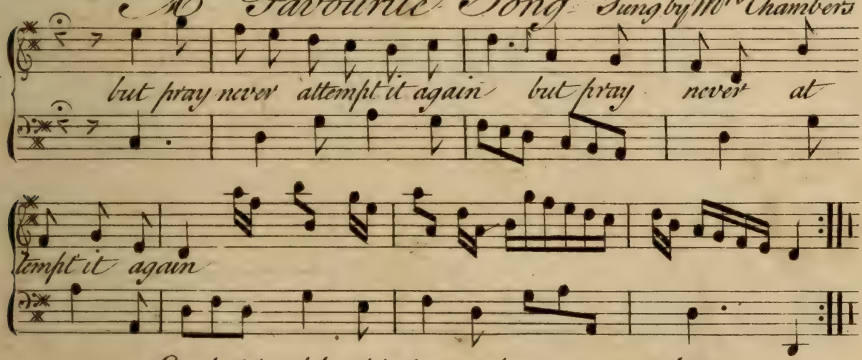
Can Love, alas! by words be ſhewn.
He aſk'd a proof, a tender one,
While I-a-well-a-day,
In ſilence bluſh'd a fond reply,
Can ſhe that truly loves deny?
Ah no-a-well-a-day.

Colin's Success

Brisk

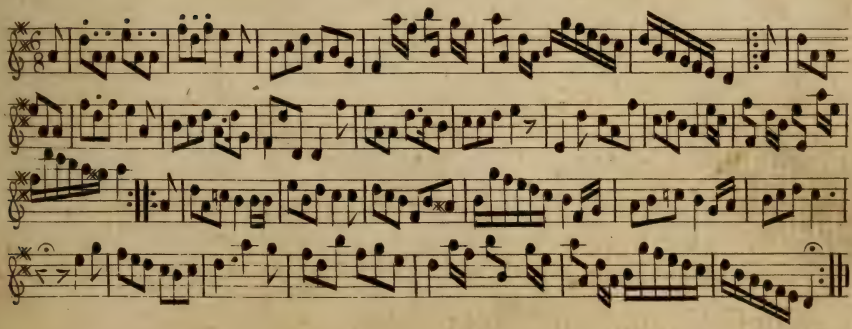
To woo me and win me and kiss and all that young Colin tript
over the Plain If I saw me he blush'd & he play'd with his Hatt
so I bid him return back again
Ah Phillis he cry'd from the Cottage I've stray'd in hopes you'd be
kind to your Swain Oh grant me a Kiss you may take it I said

A Favourite Song Sung by Mrs Chambers



Emboldenid by this he sat down at my side,
The favour so small to Obtain;
I know not how 'twas but he soften'd my Pride,
So I cry'd you may kiss me again.
My Bosom grew warm & my Heart beat in haste,
While Rapture impow'rd the fond Swain,
And trust me ye fair for I held him so fast,
That he could not return back again.

For the German Flute



The Caution

Brisk.

From sweet bewitching

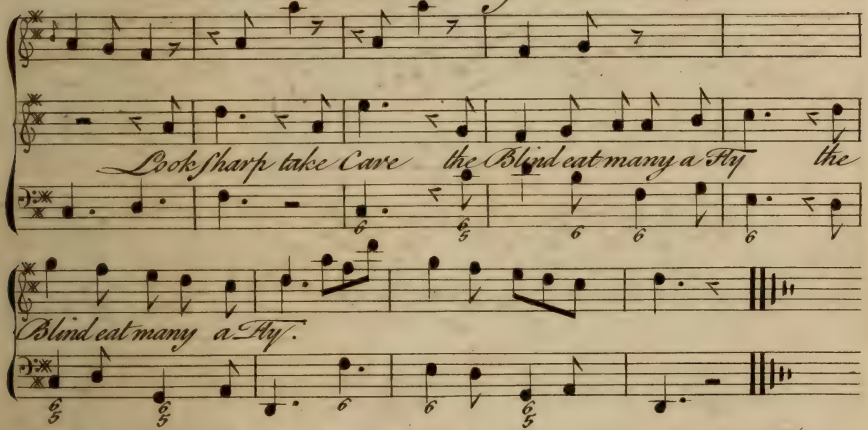
Tricks of Love young Men your Hearts secure Lest from the Paths of

Sense you rove In Dotage premature In Dotage prema

ture look at each Lass thro'

Wisdoms Glass nor trust the Naked Eye Gallants beware

Set to Musick by Mr. Arne



Not only on their Hands & Necks
The borrow'd White you'll find;
Some Belles, when Interest directs
Can even paint the mind;
Joy in Distress
They can express,
Their very Tears can lye;
Gallants beware,
Look sharp, take Care
The blind eat many a Fly.

There's not a Spinster in y^e Realm
But all Mankind can Cheat,
Down to the Cottage from y^e Helm,
The learn'd, the Brave, & Great;
With lovely Looks
And golden Hooks,
To intangle us they try;
Gallants beware,
Look sharp, take Care
The Blind eat many a Fly.

Could we with Ink the Ocean fill,
Was Earth of Parchment made,
Was every single Stick a Quill,
Each Man a Scribe by Trade,
To write the Strokes
Of half the Sex,
Would suck that Ocean dry;
Gallants, beware,
Look sharp take Care,
The Blind eat many a Fly.

The Reasonable Request set by Dr Heighington

Moderately

When I Survey that Matchless Face sure ne..ver rapturd Lover did in one Nymph such beautys trace as I in thee discover ver Celestial Charms in you appear bright as the Morning Sun Why gaze I Simple Shepherd here and sic.....k to be undone Why gaze I done.

But Nature ne'er design'd to Vex,
When she such Skill employ'd:
Those Beauties are not to perplex,
But gave to be enjoy'd:
Then let your dimpl'd smiles confess
Complacency of mind,
And evry soft desire express,
And as your fair be kind.

Then you replete with evry Grace
Will Show how you despise
The little Arts Coquets embrace
To catch ungarded Eyes:
So may you with Justice claim
The loss they must deplore,
Unblemish'd manners gentlest flame
When Beauty is no more.

The Morning Air

set by Mr Granom

Tenderly

Would you taste the Morning

Air to yon Verdant Fields repair Where Cowslips sweet & Vio lets blue with

Grateful scents shall welcome you Hear hear the

Soft and Cooling Breeze Fanning thrilling thro the Trees Whilst the Dew be

sprinkling round Cools the thirsty parching Ground Ground.

Hark the Lark now Soaring high
With her Ecchos fills the Sky;
The Nightingal & Thrush
Are warbling notes on ev'ry Bush
Haste fair Nymph, then hast away.
Taste these Joys without Delay.
Prove and proving you will tell,
The Morning Joys do all excell.

A Favourite Air Set by Mr Oswald

Thy fa tal

Shafts un erring move I bow before thine Altar Love I feel thy soft ne

sistless Flame glide swift thro' all my Vi tal frame I feel thy

soft ness sistless Flame glide swift thro' all my Vi tal Flame

For while I gaze my Bosom glows,
My Blood in Tides impetuous flows,
Hope Fear & Joy alternate roll,
And floods of Tranſport whelm my ſoul.

My faultring Tongue attempts in vain,
In Soothing Murmurs to Complain:
My Tongue some ſecret Magick ties,
My Murmurs ſink in broken Sighs!

Condemn'd to nurse eternal Care
And ever drop the ſilent tear,
Unheard I mourn unknown I ſigh
Unfriended live unpitied Dye

Jenny of the Green

Gently — Sung by Mr. S. Lowe

While others

Strip'd new fall'n Snow and steal its fragrance from the Rose to dress their fancy's

Queen — fain would I sing but Words are faint all Musicks Pow'rs too weak to

paint my Jenny of the Green — my Jenny of the Green

Beneath this Elm, beside this Stream,
How oft I've tun'd my favirite theme,
And told my Tale unseen;
While faithful in the Lovers cause,
Th' Winds would murmur soft applause
To Jenny of the Green.

With Joy my Soul reviews the Day,
When deck'd in all the Pride of May,
She hail'd the Sylvan Scene,
Then ev'ry Nymph that hop'd to please
First strove to catch the Gridelin's ease,
Of Jenny of the Green.

Then deaf to ev'ry rivals Sigh,
On me She cast her pastoral Eye,
Nor scorn'd my humble Mien;
The fragrant Myrtle Wreath I wear,
That Day adorn'd the lovely Fair,
Of Jenny of the Green.

Through all the Fairy Land of Love,
I'll seek my pretty wand'ring Dove,
The pride of gay fifteen,
Through now She treads some distant plain,
Tho' for a part I'll meet again,
My Jenny of the Green.

But thou, old Time! till that blest Night,
That brings her back with speedy Flight,
Melt down the Hours between:
And when we meet the Loss repay
On lov'ring Wing prolong my Stay,
With Jenny of the Green.

A Favourite Air by Signior Palma

Moderately

When first I saw thee graceful move ah me what meant my throbbing breast

When first I saw ah me what meant my throbbing breast

Says soft confusion art thou love If love thou art then farewell Rest

Says soft confusion art thou love If love thou art then farewell Rest

With gentle Smiles asswage the Pain
Those gentle Smiles did first Create:
And though you cannot Love again
In Pitty ah forbear to hate.

For two German Flutes

Gently Jenny of the Green Sung by Mrs. Lowe

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Of Jenny of the Green.

Then deaf to ev'ry rivals Sigh,
On me she cast her partial Eye,
Nor scorn'd my humble Mien;
The fragrant Myrtle Wreath I wear,
That Day adorn'd the lovely Hair,
Of Jenny of the Green.

Through all the Fairy land of Love,
I'll seek my pretty wand'ring Dove
The pride of gay fifteen,
Though now she treads some distant plain,
Tho far a part I'll meet again,
My Jenny of the Green.

But thou, old Time till that blest Night,
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Say soft confusion art thou love If love thou art then farewell rest

With gentle Smiles asswage the Pain
Those gentle Smiles did first Create:
And though you cannot Love again
In Pity ah forbear to hate.

For two German Flutes

Matrimonial Bondage

brisk

The Man who for life is plung'd in a Wife is

fate in a wretched Condition Go things how they will still stick by him still &c.

very slow brisk

Death is his only Physician poor Man poor man Death Death is his only Physician

To Trifle and toy, may give a Man Joy,
When Passion is prompted by Beauty,
But where is the Bliss, of a Conjugal Kiss,
When Passion is prompted by Duty.
Poor Man, poor Man, when Passion &c.

For the German Flute

A Favourite Air in the Opera of the Fairys

You Spotted Snakes with double Tongue thorny Hedge Hogs be not seen

Newts and blind worms do no Wrong come come not near the fairy

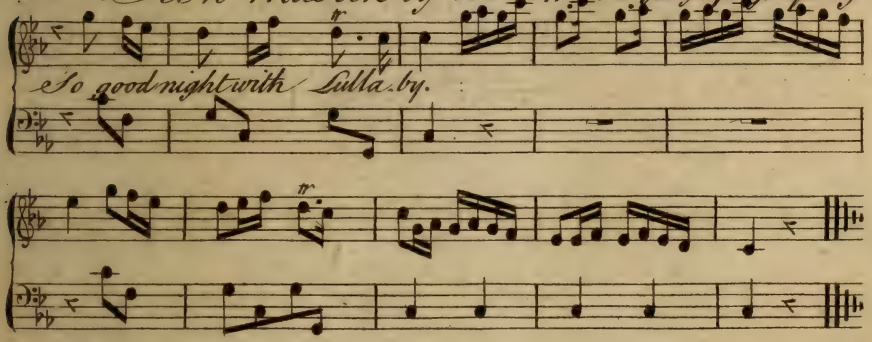
Queen

Phillomel with Melody Sing in your sweet Lullaby

Lul la Lul la Lullaby Sing in your sweet Lulla by

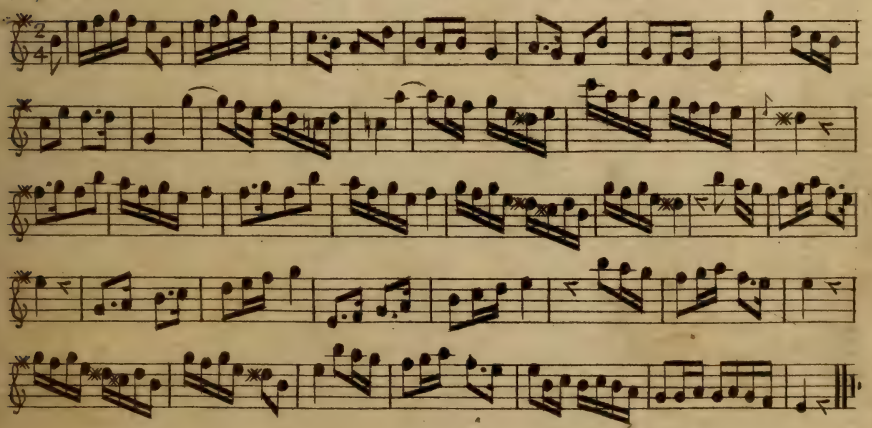
never harm nor Spell nor Charm come the fairys pillow nigh

Set to Musick by Mr. Smith Sung by Miss Young



Weaving Spiders, come not here,
Hence ye long legg'd Spinners hence!
Beetles black, Approach not near.
Worm, nor Snail, do no Offence.
Philomel with melody, sing In your sweet Lullaby,
Never harm, nor Spell, nor Charm,
Come the Fairys pillow nigh.
So good night with Lullaby.

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



Daffodil

Sung by Mrs Smith

Brisk

Spring returns & Birds ad-

vance leading on the Sprightly Dance leading on the Sprightly Dance

O'er the Fallow o'er the Glade Thro the sunshine thro the Shade Whilst I for-

lorn and pensive still sit sighing for my Daffodil

See the wanton Nymphs appear,
Smiling all as smiles the Year,
Sporting print where e'er thy tread,
Daisie Ground or Primrose bed,
Whilst I &c.

Now y Swain with watry Shoe,
Brushes by the Morning Dew;
With officious Love to bear
Fresh blown Cowslips to his fair,
Whilst I &c.

Gentle Nymphs forsake the Mead
To my Love for pity Plead
Gentle Swains and seek y fair,
This my last Petition bear,
Whilst I &c.

Sweetest Maid that e'er was seen,
Dance at Wake or trip y Green;
See a Lovesick sighing Swain;
Hear my Vows relieve my pain,
Or with your Frowns for pity kill,
To Charming Cruel Daffodil.

Moggys Complaint

Tenderly

On the tays Verdant banks a fair maid lay reclind she wept to the Ecchos that ecchoed to the Wind while

Cocho to Sorrow so faithful and kind repeated her plaints for her Jockey her Jockey repeated her

plaints for her Jockey Not ỹ Nightingals Voice was more mournful &

clear when thus she began to the loss of my Dear ỹ from Eyes once so sparkling Enforces the Tear the

Tear which dropd for young Jockey young Jockey ỹ Tear which dropd for young Jockey

The Linnet his Mate chuses out of ỹ Throng,
And when he has won her sits all the day long,
Still Proud of his conquist repeating his Song,
Not so did Inconstant young Jockey;
He Swore 'twas my Beauty his Heart that had won,
And his Flame was as pure as the light of ỹ Sun
But the Maid that believes is as surely undone,
For false and deceitfull's young Jockey.

A New Song

lively

The

footy is Wealthy is sure of a Bride for Riches like Fig leavs their Nakedness hide

The Slave that is poor must starve all his Life in a

Batchelors Bed without Mistress or Wife ..... se In a

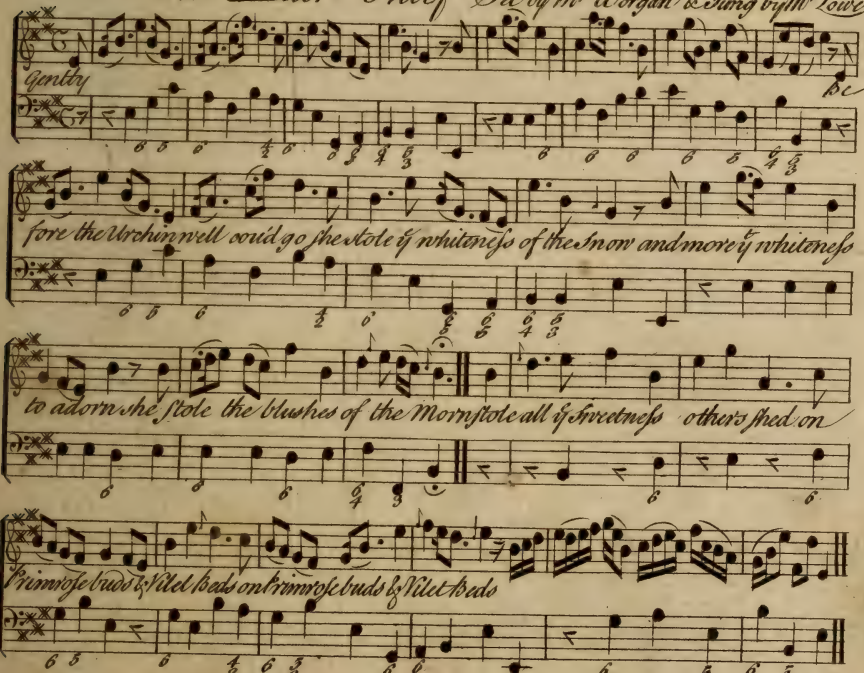
Batchelors Bed without Mistress or Wife

In the good Days of Yore,
They ne'er troubl'd their Heads,
In Settling of Jointers
Or making of Deeds,
But Adam, and Eve
When first enter'd Course,
E'en took one another
For better for worse.

Then prithee dear Cloe,
Ne'er aim to be great
Let Love be thy Jointer,
Ne'er mind an Estate
A Joy ne'er can be poor
Who have all those Charms,
And I shall be rich
When I've you, in my Arms

The Fair Thief

Set by Mr Worgan & Sung by Mr Lowe

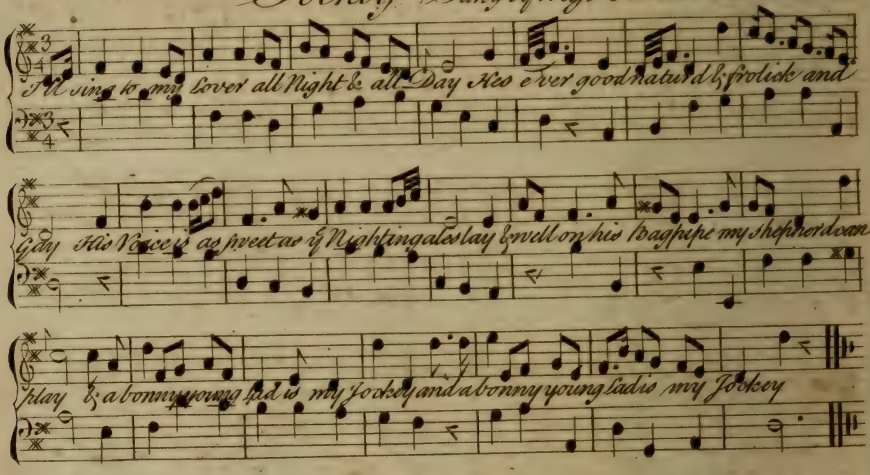

Gentry
fore the Urchin well could go she stole ye whiteness of the Snow and more ye whiteness
to adorn she stole the blushes of the Morn stole all ye Sweetness others shed on
Primrose buds & Pillet beds on Primrose buds & Pillet beds

Still to reveal her artfull wiles,
She stole the Graces silken smiles,
She stole Aurora's balmy Breath
And pilfer'd Orient pearl for Teeth
The Cherry dipt in Morning dew
Gave moisture to her Lips & hue.

These were her Infant spoils a store
And she in time stil pilfer'd more,
At twelve she stole from Cyprus Queen,
Her Air & Love commanding mein,
Stole Juno's Dignity and Stole,
From Pallas Sence to charm ye Soul.

Great Jove approv'd her Crimes and Art,
And to her Day she stole my heart
If Lovers Cupid are your Cares
Exert your vengence on this Fair,
To trial bring her Stolen Charms,
And let her Prison be my Arms.

Jockey. Sung by Miss Stevenson at Vauxhall


I'll sing to my Lover all Night & all Day His ev'ry good natur'd & frolick and
Gay His Voice is as sweet as ye Nightingales lay & well on his bagpipe my Shepherd can
play & a bonny young Lad is my Jockey and a bonny young Lad is my Jockey

He says that he loves me, I'm witty & fair,
And praises my Eyes, my Lips and my Hair;
Rose, Violet, nor Lilly, with me can compare,
If this be to flatter; 'tis pretty I swear. And a bonny &c.

He kneel'd at my Feet & with many a Sigh
He cry'd O my dear will you never comply;
If you mean to destroy me, why do it I'll dye,
I trembled all over and answer'd not I. And a bonny &c.

Around the tall May-Pole he dances so neat,
And Sonnets of Love the dear Boy can repeat;
His constant he's valiant he's wise and discreet,
His looks are so kind, and his Kisses so sweet. And a bonny &c.

At Even when the Sun seeks Repose in the West,
And May's tuneful Choir's to all Seem to their Nest
When I meet on the Green ye dear Boy I love best
My Heart is just ready to burst from my Breast. And a bonny &c.

But see how ye Meadows, are moistn'd with Dew,
Come, come my dear Shepherd I wait but for you;
We live for each other, both constant & true,
And taste ye soft Raptures no Monarch e'er knew. And a bonny &c.

Cloe Sleeping Set by Mr. Arne

Moderately

One of her Hands one of her Cheeks lay under Cozning the Pillow of a lawfull

Kiss which therefore swell'd and seem'd to part a sunder as angry to be rob'd of such a

blis the one look'd pale and for revenge did long while t'other blush'd cause it had done it

wrong while t'other blush'd while t'other blush'd cause it had done the wrong the wrong

Out of the Bed the Other fair Hand was,
On a green Sattin Quilt whose perfect white
Look'd like a Daisie in a field of Grass,
And appear'd like unmelt Snow unto y^e Sight;
So lay this pretty fair-one, safe to keep
Her lovely Form, that there lay fast a Sleep.

Sweet Ecchо

German Flute

2 Violin very Slow & Gracefully

1 Violin accompany'd w^th the Voice

Sweet Ecchо Sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen with

very slow pia pianiſs pia

in thy airy Cell by slow Meanders Mar gin green

pianiſs pia

and in the Violet embroider'd Vale where the love lorn

pianiſs pia pianiſs pia

A Favourite Song in Comus

Nightingale nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well

Canst thou not tell me not tell me of a gentle Pair that likest thy Nar

ci sus Narcissus are Ah if thou have hid them in some flowry

Set to Musick by Mr. Arne

Cave Tell me but where Tell me but where sweet Queen of Parly Daughter

Briskly

of the Spheres So mayst thou be translated to the Skies

So mayst thou be translated to the Skies and give resounding Grace

Sung by Mrs Arne

1 Violin

& give resounding grace to all Heavns Harmonias & give resounding grace

Flute

1 Violin

resounding grace resounding grace resounding grace to all Heavns Harmo

2 Violin

nies.

The Darling Swain

Moderately

My Love was once a bonny Lad he was the Flow'r of all his Kin the
Absence of his bonny Face my tender Heart has rent in twain by
Day or Night find no Delight In Silent Tears I still Complain And
rail at those my rival Foes that took from me my Darling Swain

Dispair & Anguish fills my Breast
Since I have lost my blooming Rose
I sigh and mourn while others rest
His absence yields me no repose
To seek my Love I'll range and rove
Thro' ev'ry Grove & distant Plain
I ne'er will cease but spend my Days
Till I hear from my darling Swain

Kind Neptune let me you Intreat,
To send a fair & pleasant Gale
Your Dolphins sweet upon me wait
For to convey me on your Tail
May Heavens bless me with success
While cr'ossing on the raging Main
And send me o'er to the same Shore
To meet my lovely darling Swain

I need not strange at Natures Change
Since Parents shew'd such Cruelty
Therefore my Love from me do range
And knows not to what Destiny
The pretty Kids & tender Lambs
Shall cease to Sport upon the Plain
But they lament in Discontent
For th' absence of my darling Swain

All Joy & mirth at our Return
Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay
The Bells shall ring & Birds shall sing
To grace & Crown our Nuptial day
Thus blest to Charms in my loves arms
Once more my Heart I will obtain
I'll range no more to a distant Shore
But will enjoy my darling Swain

Beauty and Musick set by Mr Rameau

Gracefully

Ye Swains whom radiant Beauty moves or Musicks Art with

Sounds Devine Think how the kaptrous Charm Improves where two such

Gifts Celest ial Join Think how the kaptrous Charm Improves where

two such Gifts Ce lest ial Join

Where Cupids Bow and Phœbus Lyre
In the same powerfull hand are found;
Where lovely Eyes inflame Desire,
While trembling Notes are taught to wound?

Enquire not who's the matchless fair,
That can thus double Death bestow:
If young Harmonia's Strains you hear;
Or view her Eyes too well you'll know.

A Favourite Cantata

Slow

How gentle was my Damons

Air like Sunny Beams his Golden Hair his Voice was like y Nightingales more sweet his

Breath then Lowry Isles how hard such Beauties to resign and yet that Cruel Task is

Tenderly

mine

On ev'ry

Hill in ev'ry Grove along the Margin of each Stream Dear Conscious Scenes of

Former Love I mourn and Damon is my Theme The Hills the Groves y Streams re

Set to Musick by Mr Arne

main but Damon there I seek in vain the Hills the Groves the streams re

main but Damon there I seek in vain From

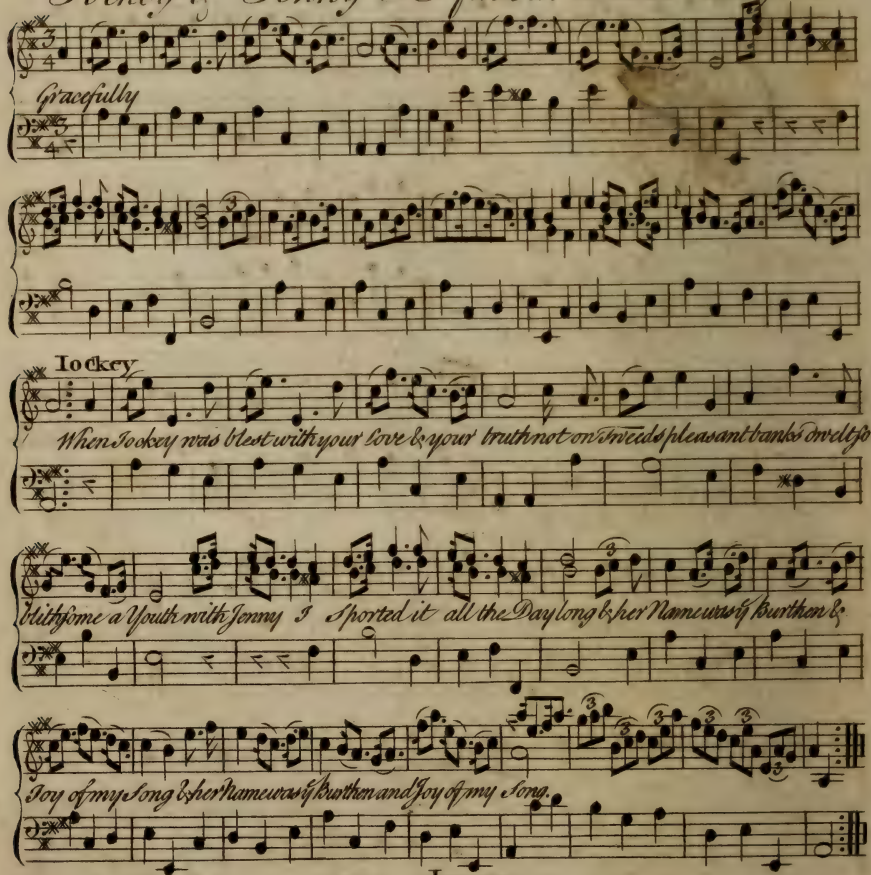
Hill from Dale each charm is fled Groves Rocks & Fountains please no more

Each flow'r in pity droops its Head all Nature does my Loss deplore all all reproach ful

Faithless Swain yet Damon still I seek in vain all all reproach the

faithless Swain yet Damon still I seek in vain

Jockey & Jenny. A favourite Dialogue


Gracefully
Jockey
When Jockey was blest with your love & your truth not on Tweeds pleasant banks ow'dt so
With some a Youth with Jenny I Sported it all the Day long & her Name was Burthan &
Joy of my Song & her Name was Burthen and Joy of my Song.

Jenny

Ere Jockey had ceas'd all his kindness to me
There liv'd in the Vale not so happy a she
Such pleasures with Jockey his Jenny had known
That he scorn'd in a Cot the fine Folks of the Town

Jockey

Ah Jockey what fear now possesses thy mind
That Jenny so Constant to Willy's been kind:
When dancing so gay with the Nymphs on the plain
She Yeilded her hand & her heart to thy Swain

Set by Mr Worgan & Sung at Vaux Hall

Jenny

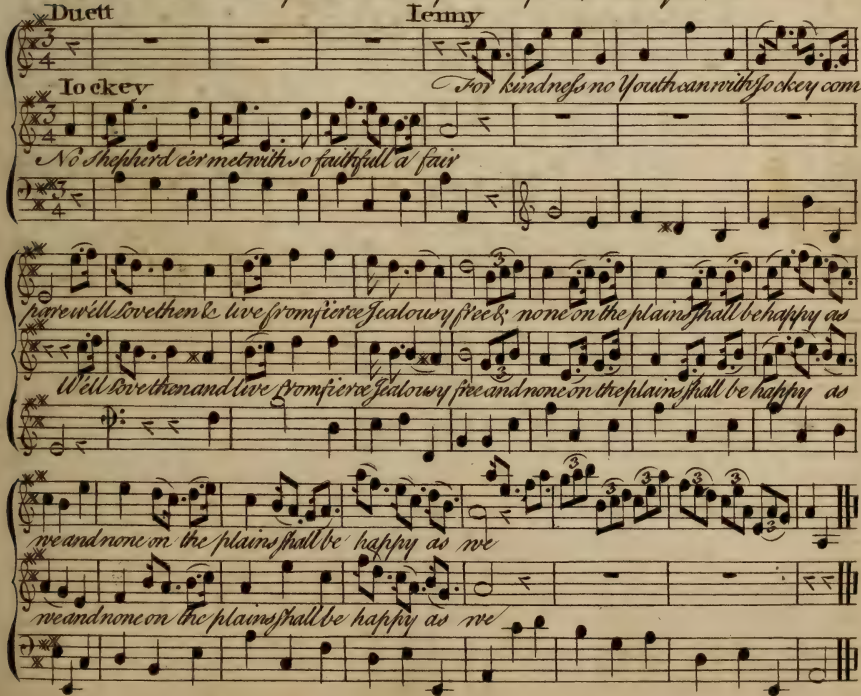
You falsly upbraid but remember the Day,
When Lucy you fcorn'd it beneath you to play,
When alone with your Lucy the Shepherds have said,
You forgot all the Vows that to Jenny were made.

Jockey

Believe not sweet Jenny my Heart's stray'd from thee,
For Lucy is wantons a Maid still for me;
From a Lass that's so true your fond Jockey ne'er rov'd,
Nor once could forsake the kind Jenny he lov'd.

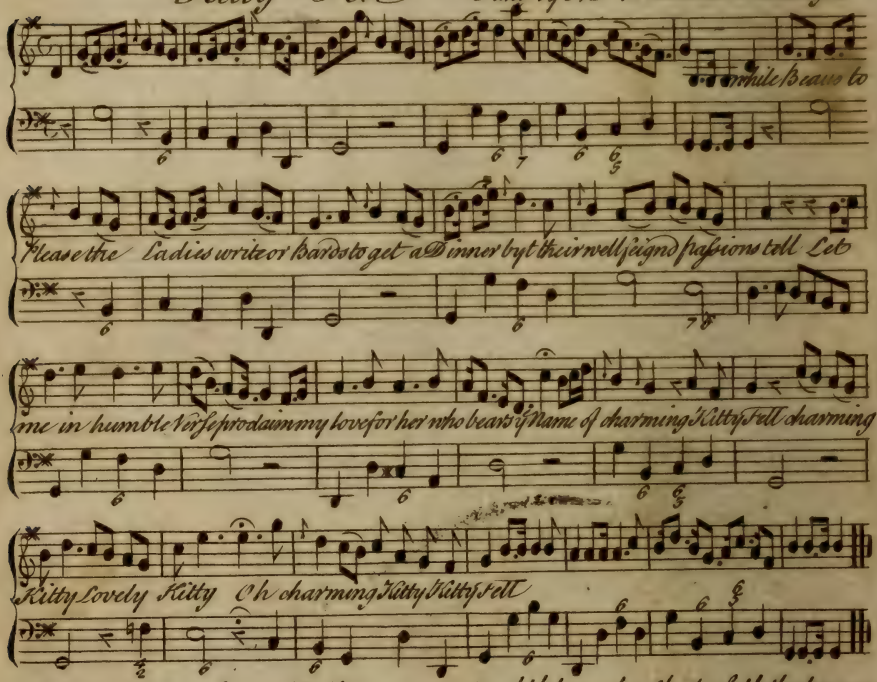
Jenny

My heart for young Willy ne'er panted & sigh'd,
For you of that heart tho' were the joy & the pride,
While Streeds waters glide shall your Jenny be true;
Nor love my dear Jockey a Shepherd like you.


Duett
Jenny
Jockey
For kindness no Youth can with Jockey com
No Shepherd e'er met with so faithfull a fair
pare we'll love then & live from fierce Jealousy free & none on the plains shall be happy as
We'll love then and live from fierce Jealousy free and none on the plains shall be happy as
we and none on the plains shall be happy as we
we and none on the plains shall be happy as we

Kitty Fell

Sung by Mr Beard at Ranelagh


While Beaus to
Please the Ladies write or Cards to get a Dinner but their well feign'd Passions tell Lob
me in humble Verse pro claim my Love for her who bears ye Name of charming Kitty Fell charming
Kitty Lovely Kitty Oh charming Kitty Kitty Fell

That Kitty's beautifull & young,
That she has Danc'd, that she has sung,
Alas! I know full well:
I feel, and I shall ever feel,
The dart more sharp than pointed steel,
That came from Kitty Fell.
Charming Kitty, Lovely Kitty,
Oh charming Kitty, Kitty Fell.

Of late I hop'd by Reason's aid,
To cure my wounds that Love had made,
And bad a long farewell:
But t'other Day she cross'd ye Green,
I saw, I wish I had not seen,
My charming Kitty Fell.
Charming Kitty, Lovely Kitty,
Oh charming Kitty, Kitty Fell.

I ask'd her why she pass'd that way,
To Church, she cry'd, I cannot stay;
Why don't you hear the Bell.
To Church I'll take me with'd there,
I pray'd she would not hear my Pray'r,
Ah! cruel Kitty Fell.
Cruel Kitty, charming Kitty,
Ah! cruel Kitty, Kitty Fell.

And now I find 'tis all in vain,
I'll cease to Love, & to Complain,
Condemn'd in Chains to dwell
For tho she casts a scornful Eye
In Death my faultring Tongue will cry
Adieu dear Kitty Fell.
Charming Kitty, Cruel Kitty,
Adieu sweet Kitty, Kitty Fell.

Sally of ỹ Dale

Set by Mr Jof Jackson

Gently

Leave

your Parnassus sacred Nine may I with you prevail

Leave your Parnassus sacred

Nine may I with you prevail

In Harmony to Chaunt with me Dear Sally of the

Dale Dear Sally sweet Sally Dear Sally of the Dale

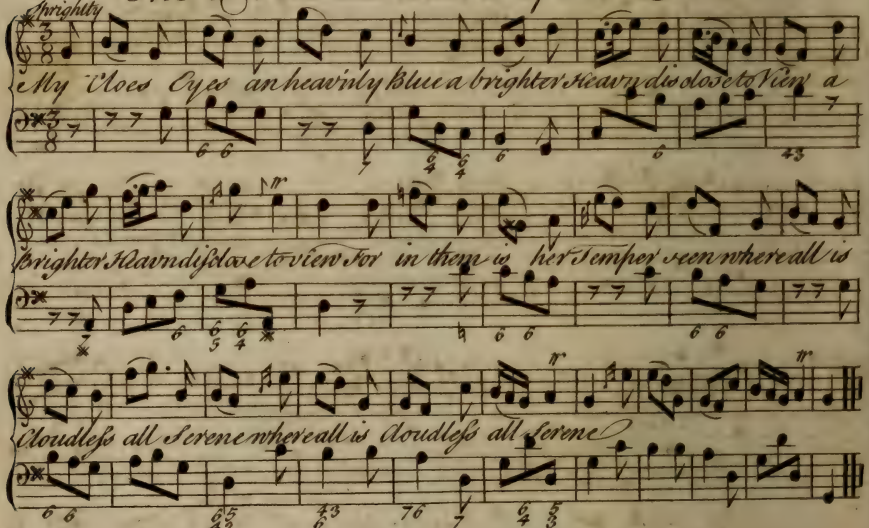
Her lovely Form & pleasing mein
Her matchless Charms unveil:
Majestick Grace adorns ỹ face,
Of Sally of the Dale &c.

Next view her gently rising breast
Which does new sweets exhale;
Each courts ỹ bliss to gain a Kiss,
From Sally of the Dale &c.

By Reason's Force and Energy
She can Mankind assail;
True Eloquence attracts the Sence,
In Sally of the Dale &c.

She reigns the Mirrour of her Age,
Whose Power ne'er will fail;
None can express the Happiness
Of Sally of the Dale &c.

The Poets Picture of his Love


Sprightly
My Cloes Eyes an heavnly Blue a brighter Heavn dis close to View a
brighter Heavn dis close to view For in them is her Temper seen where all is
Cloudless all Serene where all is Cloudless all Serene

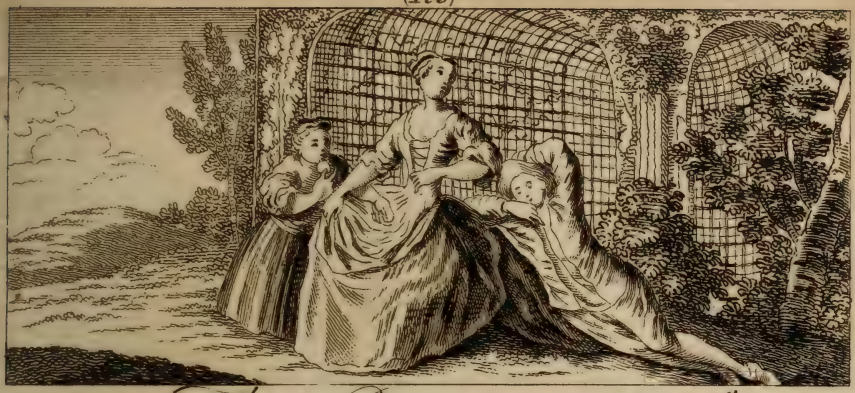
My Cloes Cheeks, where Flowers mix
With Hopes, and Fears, my Love perplex
For in those Leavs her Souls expressd
The Doubts and Wishes of her Breast.

My Cloes Breast than Snow more fair
Than Snow more cold inspires Despair
For that its litte Guest conceals
Yet all thats pure and chaste reveals.

My Cloes Lips as Cherries red
Have oft with Hope my Fancy fed
For these in honied words dispence
Good Humour heightnd with good Sence.

My Cloes Breaths as Roses sweet
Where pains & Pleasures gratefull meet
For Wit does with her Sence conspire
At once the Flower and the Briar.

My Cloes Hair with Art entwind
Calls all her Beauties to my mind
For forming Fancy paints her there
Of various Charms one perfect Fair.



The Rover

Sung by Mr Lowe

Brisk

In all the sex some charms I find I love to try all Womankind the fair the smart the

witty the fair the smartly witty In Cupids fetters

most severe I languish'd out the long long years A slave of wanton Kitty the slave of wanton

Kitty

At length I broke the gawling Chain, With Tresses next of Raven Hue,
And swore that Love was endless Pain Young Jenny did my Soul subdue,
One Constant Scene of Folly, That lives in yonder Alley,
One Constant &c. That lives &c.

I vow'd no more to wear the Yoke, Then Cupid threw another Snare,
But soon I felt the Second Stroke, And caught me in the curling Hair
And sigh'd for blue eyd Molly, Of little tempting Sally
And sigh'd &c. Of little &c.

Adorn'd with Charms the Youth & young,
My roving Heart from Bondage sprung,
This Heart of yielding Metal;
This Heart &c.

And now it wanders here & there,
By turns the Prize of brown & fair,
But never more will Settle;
But never &c.

Blow thou winter's Wind by Shakespear

Gently

Blow

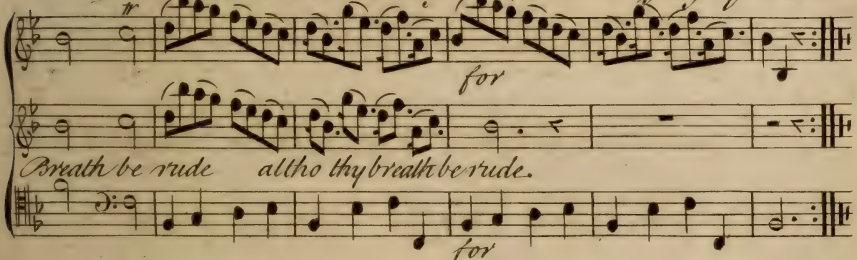
blow thou winter Wind thou art not so unkind thou art not so unkind as mens In

pia

gra titude. Thy Tooth is not so keen because thou art not seen thy

Tooth is not so keen because thou art not seen altho thy breath be rude altho thy

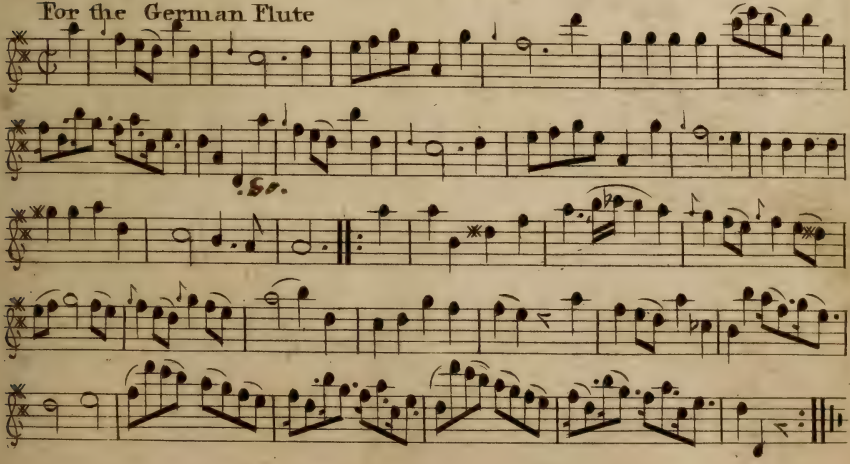
Set to Musick by Mr Arne sung by Mr Lowe



Freeze, freeze, thou bitter Sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh,
Thou dost not bite so nigh,
As Benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the Waters warp

Thy Sting is not so sharp,
Thy Sting is not so sharp,
As Friend remember'd not,
Thy Sting is not so sharp,
As Friend remember'd not,
As Friend remember'd not.

For the German Flute



The Female Phaeton The Words by Mr. Prior

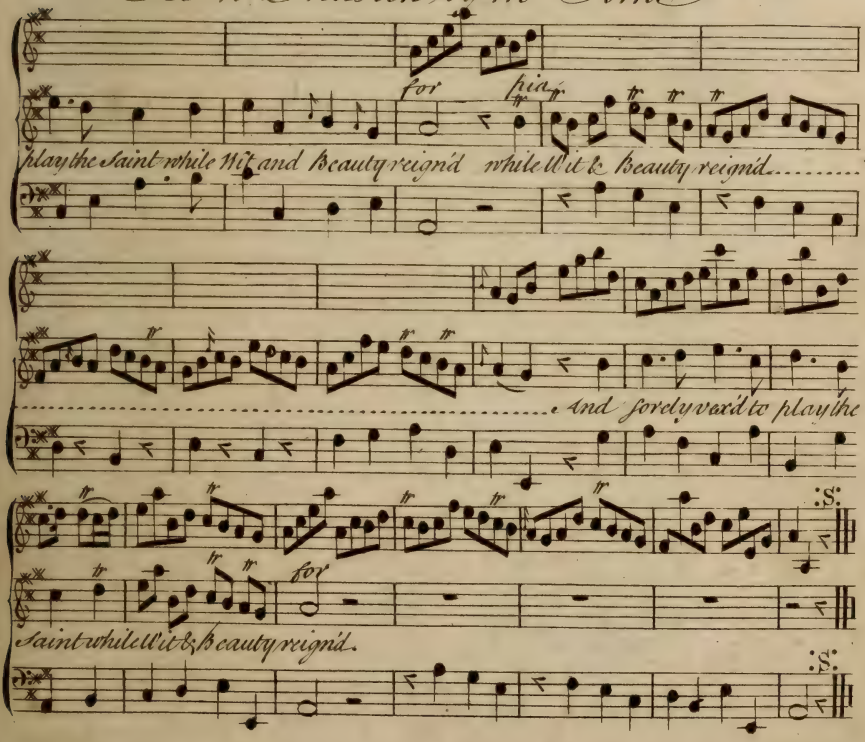
Moderately Brisk

Fair Kitty beautifull & young &

Wild as Colt untamd / Bespoke the Fair from whom she sprung with little Rage Inflamd

Inflamd with Rage at sad restraint which wise Mamma ordaind And sorely vexd to

Set to Musick by Mr Arne


for
pia
play the Saint while Wit and Beauty reign'd while Wit & Beauty reign'd
And fondly vow'd to play the
for
Saint while Wit & Beauty reign'd.

Must Lady Jenny frisk about
And visit with her Cousins,
At Balls must she make all y^e rout
And bring home Hearts by dozens
What has she better pray than I,
What hidden Charms to boast,
That all Mankind for her should die
While I am scarce a Toast.
Am scarce - - - - a Toast
That all Mankind for her should die,
While I am scarce a Toast.

Dear, dear Mamma for once let me,
Unchain'd my Fortune try,
I'll have my Earl as well as She,
Or know the Reason why:
Fond Love prevail'd Mamma gave way
And Kitty at heart's Desire,
Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
And set the World on Fire.
On Fire - - - - - - - - - - -
Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
And set the World on Fire.

A Favourite Air in Alfred

Gently & Gracefully

loves the Tyrant of the

Heart full of Mischief full of Woe

all his Joys are mixt with smart Thorns beneath his Roses grow Thorns be

neath his Roses grow and

Serpent like he stings & breast where he is harbourd & caress'd and Serpent like he

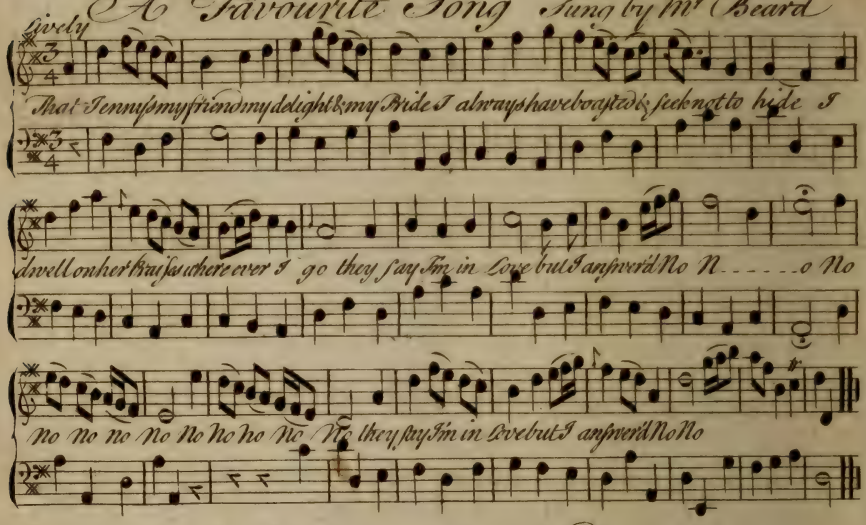
Sung by Miss Isabella Young

Stangs he Stings the Breast where he is harbour'd where he is harbour'd

harbour'd and caress'd

For the German Flute

A Favourite Song Sung by Mr Beard


Lively
That Jenny's my friend my delight & my Bride I always have boasted & seek not to hide I
dwell on her Praises where ever I go they say I'm in Love but I answer'd No N - - - - - o No
No No no No No no no No They say I'm in Love but I answer'd No No

At Evening oft times with what Pleasure I see
A Note from her Hand I'll be with you at Tea.
My Heart how it bounds when I hear her below.
But say not its Love for I answer No No.

She sings me a Song and I Echo its Strain.
Again I cry Jenny sweet Jenny again;
I kiss her sweet Lips as if there I could grow.
But say not its Love for I answer No No.

She tells me her Faults as she sits on my Knee,
I chide her and Swear she's an Angel to me,
My Shoulder she taps and still bids me think so,
Who knows but she Loves tho' she answer No No.

But such is my Temper so dull am I grown,
I ask not her Heart but would Conquer my own.
Her Bosoms soft peace should I seek to overthrow,
And try to perswade tho' I answer No No.

From Beauty and Wit and good humour how I,
Should Prudence advise & Compel me to fly,
Thy bounty O Fortune make haste to bestow,
And let me deserve her or still I'll say No

A Favourite Air

Set by Mr Hawdon

So brightly sweet fair Nannys Eyes their rising beams display that
Like the Sons of India we'en dread the coming Day
For if her morning Rays with such un
usual Vigour Stream How will the wondring world withstand her
full meridian Beam

If now She Innocently kills,
With an unaiming Dart,
Who shall resist her, when with skill
She levels at the Heart,
Since with each smile, the pretty Nymph,
Now captivates the Sence,
What when Her Beautys, at the height,
Will be its Influence.

Had I but the Wings of a Dove

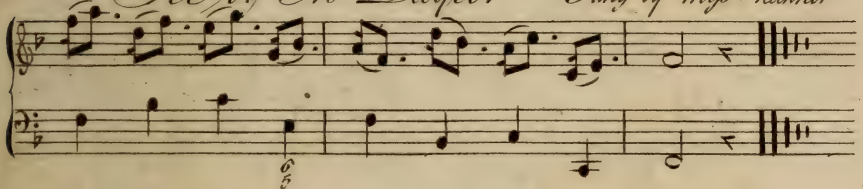
Had I but the Wings of a Dove Enraptur'd I hasten a

way and Quickly repair to my Love whose Beauties enlivens the Day

Bring Soon from'y Hamlets again ye Gods her I ask for my

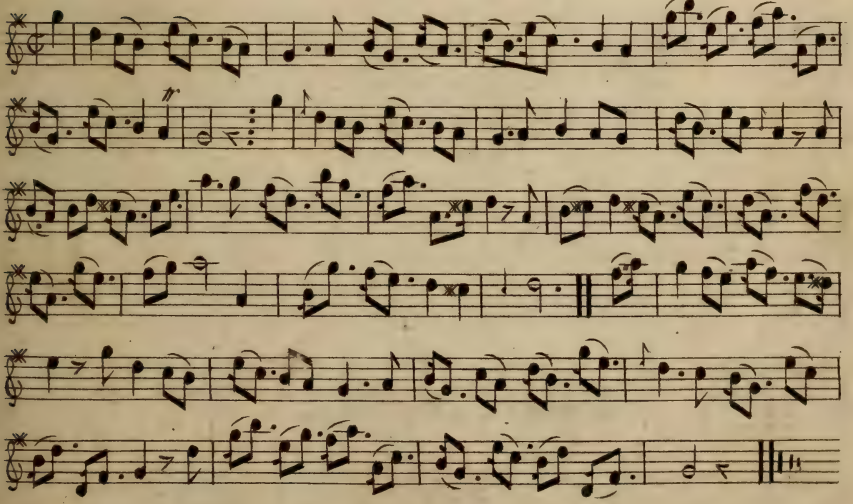
Wife Without her Im ever in Pain And relish no Pleasure in life

Set by Mr Taylor Sung by Miss Falkner



Unkruel Decree of hard Fate,
To keep me so long from my fair;
Come pity my desolate State,
And banish all thoughts of despair,
With her oh! What Scenes I enjoy,
Oh mirth, and good Humour all Day,
Such blessings as never will cloy,
Nor cease till our Souls leave the Clay.

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE.



A Favourite Song

Gently

When that gay

Season did us Lead to the tann'd Haycock in the Mead

When the merry bells rung round

And the Rebecks brisk did sound when young & old came forth to play

On a Sunshine

in the Opera of the Fairys

Holy day On a Sunshine Holy day

When that gay Season did us lead

to the tannid Haycock in the Mead When the

merry bells rung round rung round And the Rebecks brisk did

sound when young & old came forth to play

On a

Composed by Mr Smith

Sunshine Holy day On a Sunshine Holy day

Let us wander far away

where the nibbling flocks do stray o'er the Mountains barren Breast where Labring

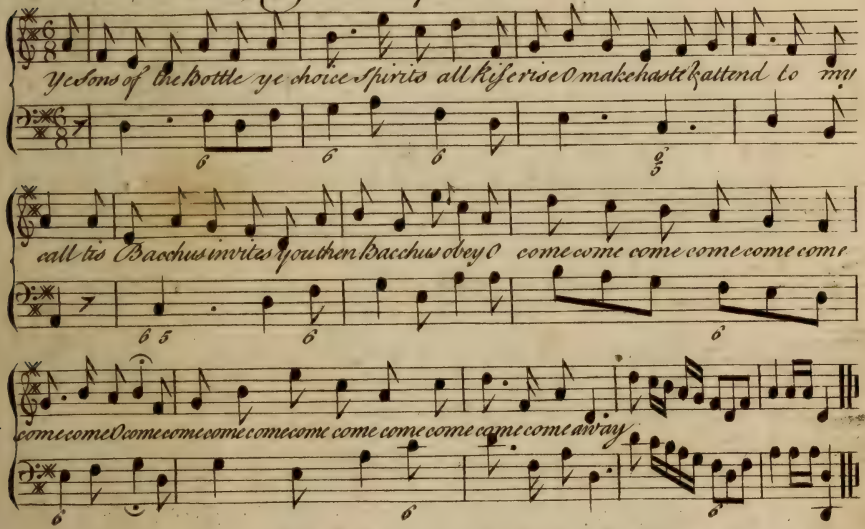
Clouds do Often rest o'er the Meads with Daises pyd Shallow Brooks &

Rivers wide Meadows trim with Daises pyd Shallow Brooks & Rivers

wide

D:C.

The Choice Spirits


Ye Sons of the bottle ye choice Spirits all Rise O make haste & attend to my
call tis Bacchus invites you then Bacchus obey O come come come come come come
come come O come come come come come come come come come come away

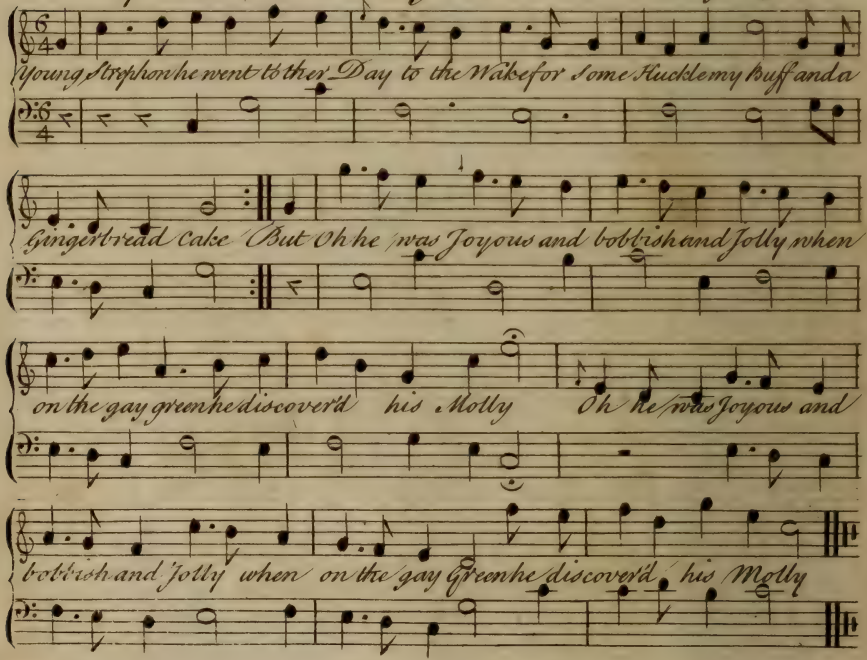
Let Mortals of Business & Sons of dull care,
Who live in suspence both in Hope & in Fear,
Ask me for advice, & I'll give them a Bowl
Of Cordial, as Gods drink to rouse up y^e Soul.

Tis the Juice of the Grape that gives heat to y^e old,
Good nature to Misers, & Youth to the Old;
Without its Assistance soft Pleasure would cloy.
Wine prompts us & fires us to Love & to Joy.

Wine makes the Maid kinder & willing to kiss,
Till at length she consents & consummates your bliss.
Sweet Venus is wont e'er she leaps into Bed,
To take a full Glass to enliven her Head.

Then y^e good Fellows all to my Table repair,
And empty y^e Bottles that stand for you there;
Who flinches his Bumper or puts by his Glass,
Is not fit for a Wench I pronounce him an Ass.

Strephon and Molly a new Ballad Set by Mr Arne

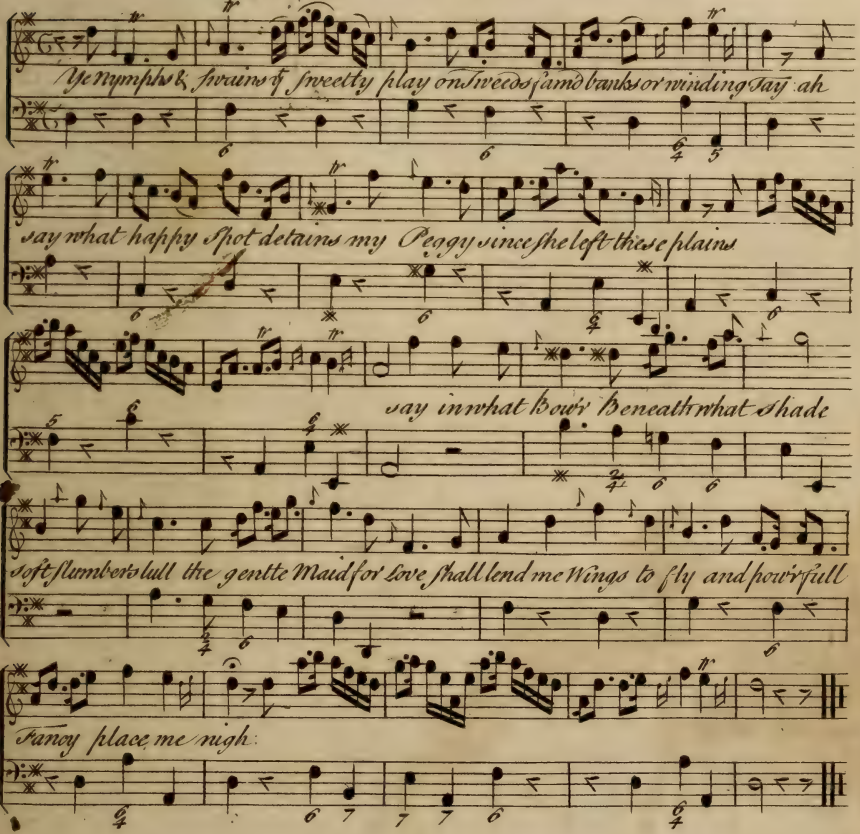

Young Strephon he went to the Day to the Wake for Some Huckle my Buff and a
Gingerbread Cake But Oh he was Joyous and bobbish and Jolly when
on the gay green he discover'd his Molly Oh he was Joyous and
bobbish and Jolly when on the gay Green he discover'd his Molly

Brisk Molly came tripping along the gay Green,
As fine as a Horse, or a Gingerbread Queen,
Young Strephon went to her, & made a low bow,
And he look'd, if so be, as he couldn't tell how.

With that they began without any Pother,
Of talking of this, and of that, and of t'other,
And though she would push, & would cry let me go,
Yet he press'd her likewise, & he squeez'd her also.

Come all ye young Youths of Saint Lawrence's Parish,
Who love ev'ry Thing that is finish and rarish,
Be Joyous and bobbish, and buxom and Jolly,
Sing Molly & Strephon & Strephon and Molly.

Ye Nymphs & Swains Set by Mr Baildon


Ye Nymphs & Swains sweetly play on Reeds & on winding Bays ah
say what happy Spot detains my Peggy since she left these plains
say in what Bow'r beneath what Shade
soft Slumbers lull the gentle Maid for Love shall lend me Wings to fly and pow'rfull
Fancy place me nigh

Alas the blissfull Scene how Chang'd,
Where once we both with Pleasure rang'd,
Not half so fair & Lilly Springs,
Not half so sweet the Linnet sings;
Haste then thou Lovely fair once more
O haste to bless the Southern Shore;
And April's Clouds shall smile as gay
As all y Sunny pride of May.

Yet rather may the Fates deny,
The Beauties to my longing Eye;
If time a cruel change has wrought,
On Tweed a sweeter Lesson taught;
But should thy faithful Shepherd find,
His lovely Peggy still is kind;
Then Absence shall thy Charms improve,
And I with double Rapture love.

A Favourite Song for two Voices

When Phabus the tops of the Hills does a dorn How sweet is the

How sweet is the

Sound of the e cho ing Horn when the antel ing Stag is

Sound of the e cho ing Horn when the antel ing Stag is

rouz'd with the Sound e rec ting his Ears nimbly sweeps oer the

rouz'd with the Sound e rec ting his Ears nimbly sweeps oer the

Ground and thinks he has left us behind on the Plain but

Ground and thinks he has left us behind on the Plain but

still we pursue and now come in View of the glo rious Game

still we pursue and now come in View of the glo rious Game

O see how a gain he rears up his Head and wing'd with

O see how a gain he rears up his Head and wing'd with

Set to Musick by Mr Handell

'Tear he re doubles his Speed but ah tis in vain tis in

'Tear he re doubles his Speed but ah tis in vain tis in

vain that he flies that his Eyes lose the Huntsman his Ears lose the

vain that he flies that his Eyes lose the Huntsman his Ears lose the

cries for now his Strength fails him he heavi ly flies and he

cries for now his Strength fails him he heavi ly flies and he

pants pants pants pants pants till with well Sented

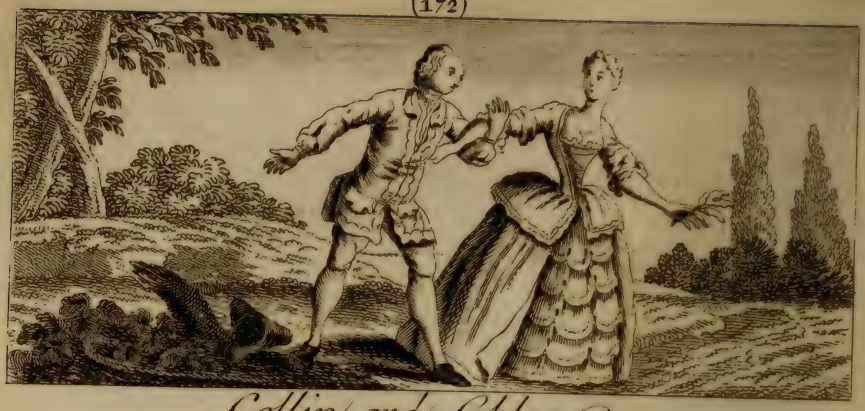
pants till with well Sented

Hounds Surrounded he dies dies dies

Hounds Surrounded he dies dies dies

dies Ton ta ron ton ta ron he dies he dies dies

dies ton ta ron ton ta ron he dies he dies dies



Collin and Chloe

pia for

When Col lin met Chloe first on the gay Green he

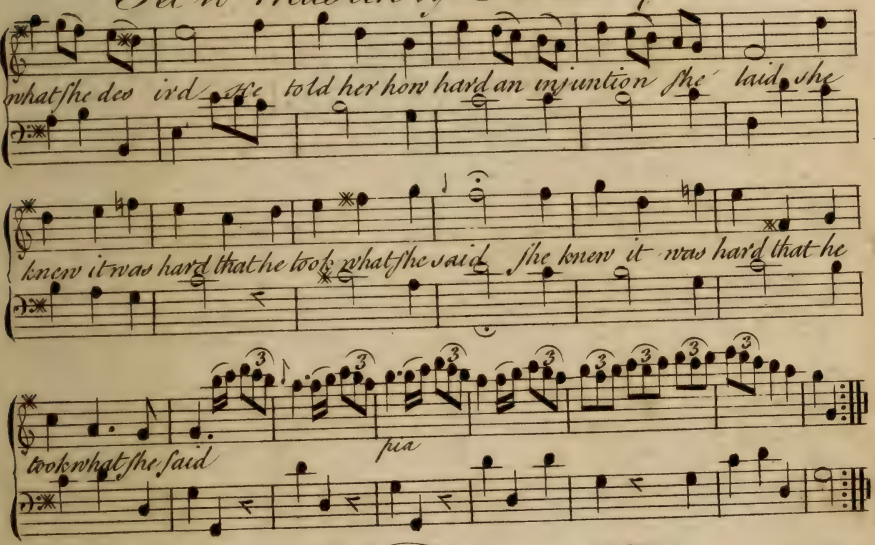
kiss'd her and call'd her his heart's little Queen such Rudeness she said I your

Title dis dain and pray never offer to kiss me again

pia for He

who little skill in the Sex had acquir'd Believ'd simple Youth she spoke

Set to Musick by Mr. Defesch


what she desir'd He told her how hard an injuntion she laid, she
knew it was hard that he took what she said she knew it was hard that he
took what she said
pia

Her Fancy now wisper'd more kindness to show,
One kiss had Inystructed her Bosom to glow.
Her Heart thus y Shepherd ensnar'd by a whim,
She thought he lov'd her, she was sure she lov'd him,
He'd let his flocks rove for her sake all y Day,
And say such soft things as all true lovers say,
But as she'd forbid him her Lips where forgot,
Could this be call'd Courtship I really think not.

At length by good luck he took courage & cry'd,
Will Chloe consent to be Collins sweet Bride,
She grew in a Passion but cool'd by degrees,
Yet made him no answer but yes if you pleave,
And now she's a Wife she's no longer a Prude,
The station has Soothd her to what she thought rude,
For now when a Kiss she receives from her Swain,
Her Heart beats with Rapture to Kiss him again.

A Favourite Song. the Words by Shakespear

Orpheus with his Lute made Trees & the Mountain tops that freeze bow bow them

Selves when he did Sing when he did Sing When he did Sing

To his Musick Plants and Flowrs ever rose ev er rose as

Sun and Showers their had made a last ing Spring as Sun and

Showrs there had made a last ing Spring Evry Thing that

heard him play Evn the Bil lows of the Sea

Set to Musick by Dr Green

hung their Heads and then lay by hung their heads and

then lay by In Sweet Musick is such Art killing

Care and Grief of Heart fall a Sleep or hearing dye

In Sweet Musick is such Art killing Care and Grief of

Heart fall a Sleep or Hearing dye fall a Sleep or

hearing dye or hearing dye

My Grandmother's Cot

Set by Mr. Arne

Brisk

When I liv'd in my Grandmother's Cot what a happy young Damsel was I each Day med I Spit or the

Pot with plenty of Pudding and Pye I'd a Horse I could amble and trot a good Neighbour to visit hard

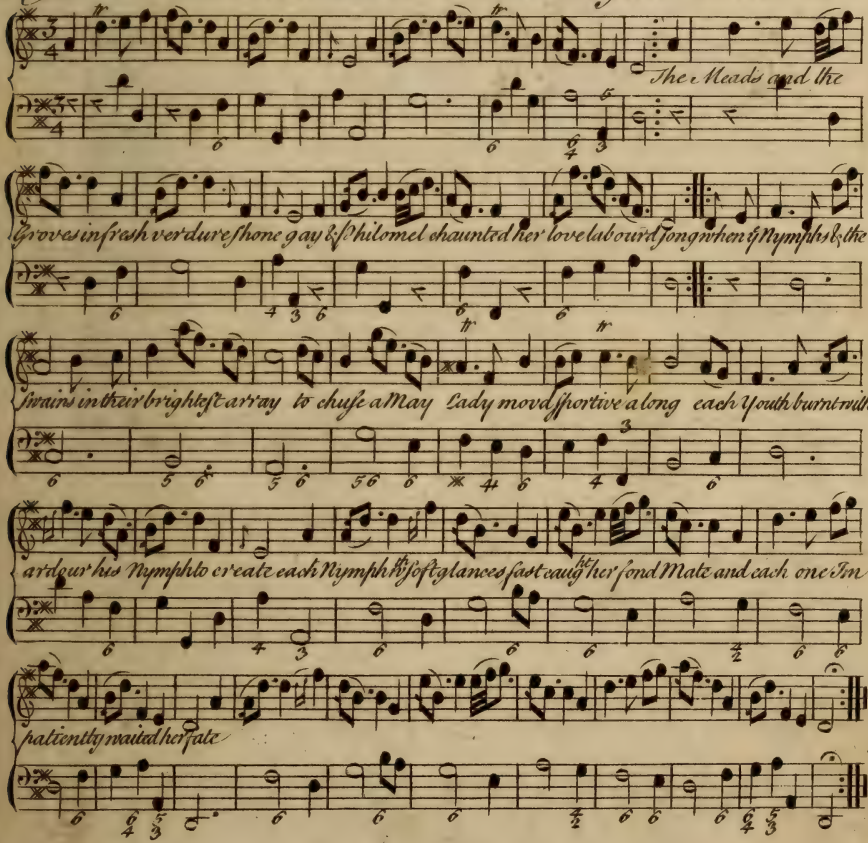
by yet I wanted I could not tell what and I sigh'd but I could not tell why I sigh'd I

sigh'd I sigh'd but I could not tell why.

My Daddy he bought me a Knot,
With a Sash & a new fashion'd Fly,
A pair of Silk Shoes too I got,
To wear when y Weather was dry,
Yet to pine all y Day was my Lot,
And in Bed ever restless to lye,
For I wanted I could not tell what,
And I sigh'd but I could not tell why.

For Council I car'd not a Jot,
Resolv'd some new Project to try,
And I thought I should die on y Spot,
If a pretty young fellow pass'd by,
At last a brisk Husband I got,
'Twas y Man I had long in my Eye,
He gave me I must not tell what,
And I lov'd him but need not tell why

A Favourite Air in an Organ Concerto


The Meads and the
Groves in fresh verdure shone gay & Philomel chaunted her love labour'd Song when Nymphs & the
Swains in their brightest array to chuse a May Lady moved sportive along each Youth burnt with
ardour his Nymph to create each Nymph his soft glances fast caught her fond Mate and each one In
patiently waited her fate

How vain were their wishes! Maria appear'd,
Like Beauty's fair Goddess encircled with Love,
With Graces attractive each heart she endear'd,
In Majesty passing the Consort of Jove.
The Swains round her moving glad homage did pay,
The Nymphs with wreath'd Garlands no longer delay,
To Crown Beautys paragon Queen of the May.

The Charms of Isabel

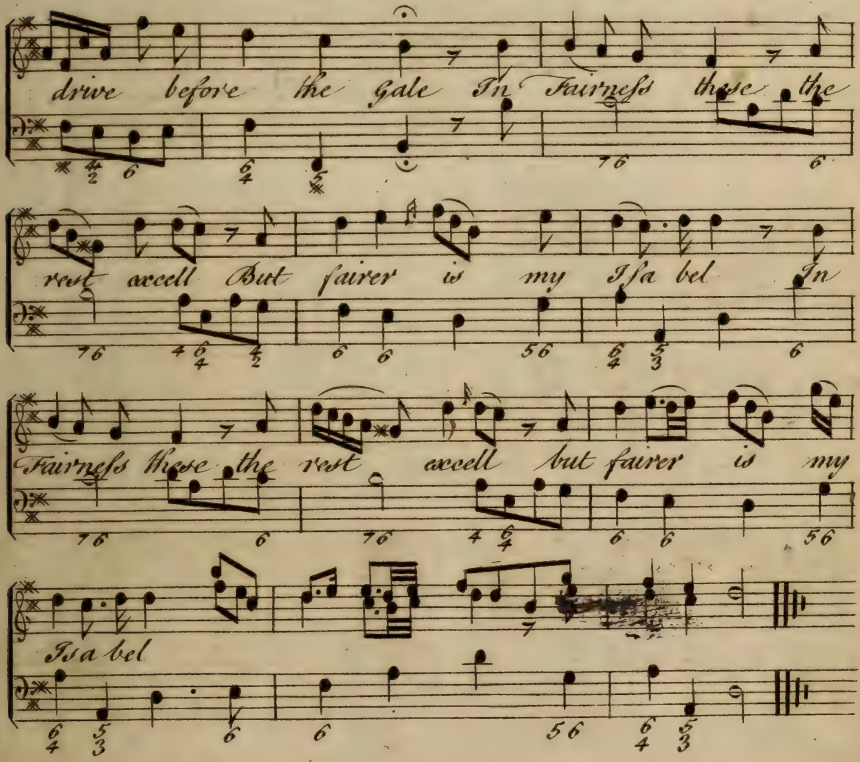
Gently

Fair is the Swan the

Ermin white and fair the Lilly the Lil ly of the Vale the

Moon resplen dent Queen of Night and Snows that

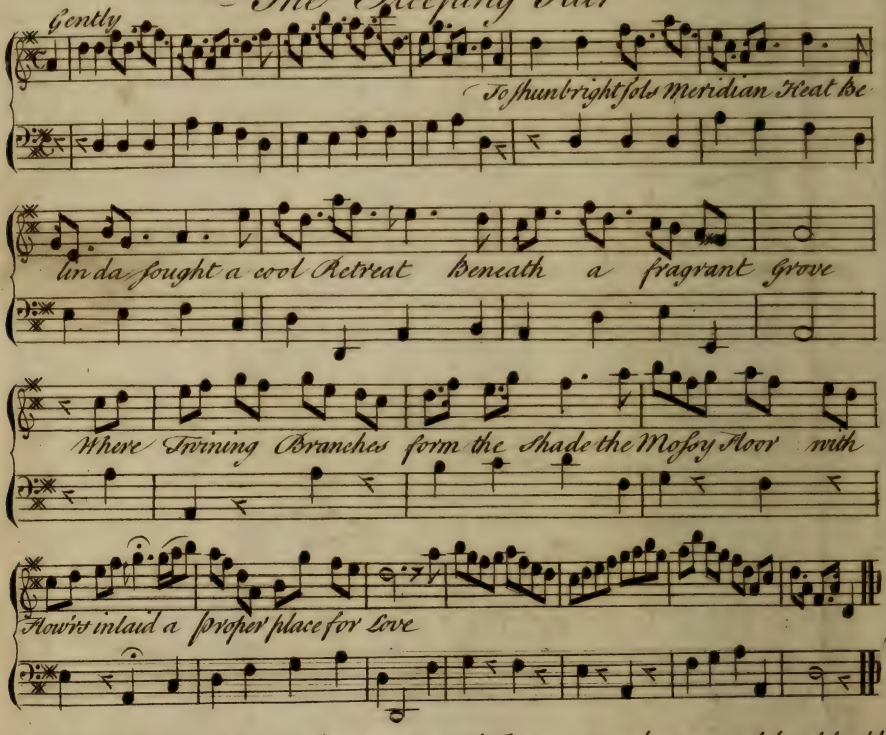
Set to Musick by Mr Arne


drive before the Gale In Fairneſs these the
rest excell But fairer is my Iſabel In
Fairneſs these the rest excell but fairer is my
Iſabel

Sweet is the Vlet sweet the Roſe,
And sweet the Morning breath of May,
Carnations rich their sweets discloſe,
And sweet the winding Woodbines stray,
In Sweetneſs these the rest excell,
But sweeter is my Isabel.

Constant the Doves call the Dove,
And amorous they the Sparrow call,
Fond is the Sky lark of his Love,
And fond the Feather'd Lovers all,
In fondneſs these the rest excel,
But fonder I of Iſabel.

The Sleeping Fair


Gently
To shun bright Sols Meridian Heat he
lin da fought a cool Retreat beneath a fragrant Grove
Where Twining Branches form the Shade the Mosey Floor with
Flowrs inlaid a proper place for Love

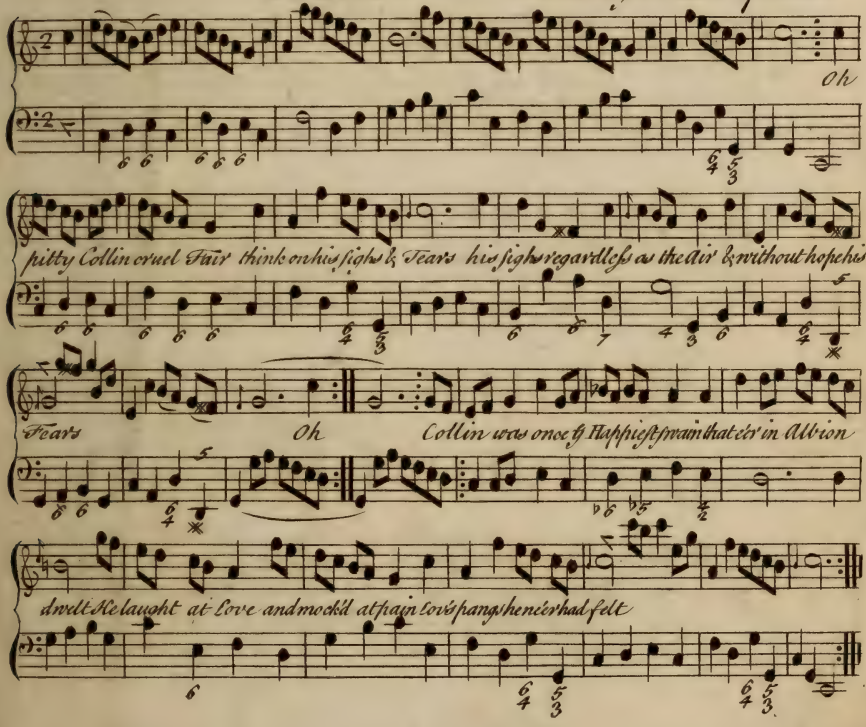
Beneath the thicket of the Grove,
A Silent Stream does gently move,
Gives freshness to the Glade;
Upon the Flowry Bank reclind,
In careless Indolence of Mind,
The Blooming Fair was laid.

A Blush o'er Spread her lovely Face,
Whilst Boys like Cupids guard ye place
And fan her with their Wings,
Her fragrant breath perfumd ye Air,
All Nature then did gay appear,
Each feathe'rd Warbler Sings.

The wanton Zephers round her play'd,
Refreshing Breezes cool the Maid,
Oppress with Balmy Sleep;
The Beauties of her Snowy Breast
Like Clusters courting to be prest,
Let Love a Secret keep.

Less fair y Paphian Queen appeard
When from y Watry Bed she reard
With Majesty divine,
Refulgant Beauty dazling Bright,
With wonder fe'iz'd my aching sight
I gaz'd & wish'd her mine.

Collin Set by Mr Defesch


Oh
pitty Collin cruel Fair think on his sighs & Tears his sighs regardless as the Air & without hope his
Tears Oh Collin was once ye Happiest swain that ere in Albion
dwelt He laught at Love and mock'd at pain Love's pangs he ne'er had felt

The Neighbouring Nymphs had often try'd
With Love to lure the Swain,
But he as oft their suit deny'd,
For Love return'd Disdain,
But ah how chang'd his former state
With folded Arms he Walks,
Upbraids ye God, and curses fate,
And like a Madman talks.

Nor can soft Musicks flatt'ring Charm
Give now the least delight,
No more the Bowl his Bosom warm,
Or Rural Sports invite,
Relent fair Maid e'er Colin dies,
Let him not mourn in vain,
His hopeless Love regardless pangs,
And unrewarded pain.

Oh think Myrtillo, on his Grief,
And on your cruel hate,
Reward his Love, and bring relief,
Before it is too late.

The Man to my Mind Set by Mr Burney

brisk

Since Al'edlocks in vogue & stale Virgins despis'd to all Batchlors greeting these

lines are premis'd I'm a Maid y' would marry ah could I but find I care not for

Fortune a Man to my Mind a Man to my Mind a Man to my Mind I

care not for Fortune a Man to my Mind

Not the fair weather'd Fop fond of Fashion and Dress,
Not the Squire that can relish no Joys but the Chace,
Nor the free thinking Rake whom no Morals can bind;
Neither thus that nor t'others the Man to my Mind.

Not the ruby fac'd Sot who tope's world without end,
Nor the drone that can't relish his Bottle and friend,
Nor the Fool that's too fond nor the Churl that's unkind;
Neither thus that nor t'others the Man to my Mind.

Not the Rich with full Bags without Breeding or Merit,
Nor the Flash that's all Fury without any Spirit,
Nor the fine Master Fribble the Scorn of Mankind,
Neither thus that nor t'others the Man to my Mind.

But the Youth whom good Sence & good nature inspire,
Whom the Brave most esteem & the Fair should admire,
In whose Heart Love & truth are with Honour conjoyn'd
Him thus and no others the Man to my Mind.

A Favourite Dialogue

Moderately

Amynta

Pastora's come with Myrtle Crown'd to bless her fond A

mynta's side to bless her fond Amynta's side

The Sun in his ex

tensive round ne'er saw so sweet so fair a bride ne'er saw so sweet so fair a bride

Pastora

If to be true is sweet and fair,
Pastora with Lucinda vies,
And sweeter she than is the Air,
That fleets beneath Arabian Skies.

Without a blush I here repeat,
What to the Nymphs I told before,
For tho' my tender Heart does beat,
Possess'd of thee I ask no more.

Amynta

The Fields & Groves each Hill & Vale,
Have witness'd to my faithful Vow,
Long had I sigh'd my Amorous tale
But ev'ry Care's requited now.

Thus with this Wreath I Crown thy brows
And with this Kiss my Love I seal,
And may I when I break my Vows,
The pangs of Tortur'd Lovers feel.

Pastora

Should I ungrateful to my Swain,
Afflict him with Domestic Strife
May I be driven from the Plain
By ev'ry Virtuous Maid & Wife.

Plato's Advice

moderately

Says Plato why should Man be vain since bounteous Heav'n has made him great

why looketh he with Insolent disdain On those undeckid with wealth or State

can costly Robes or Beds of down, all the gems that deck the Fair can all the Glo--

ries of a Crown give health or ease the Brow of care

The Scepter'd King the burthen'd Slave,
The humble, and the haughty dye,
The Rich the Poor, the base the brave,
In Dust without distinction lye;
Go search the Tombs where Monarchs rest,
Who once the greatest Titles wore,
Their wealth and glory is bereft,
And all their honours are no more.

So flies the Meteor thro' the Skies,
And spreads along a gilded train,
When shot 'tis gon its beauty dies,
Dissolves to common Air again
So 'tis with us my jovial Souls
Let Friendship reign while here we stay,
Let's Crown our Joys with flowing Bowls,
When Jove he calls we must away.

My Bliss too long

Set by Mr Arne

Tenderly

My bliss too long my Bride denies A pace the waf ting

Summer flies Nor yet the wintry Blasts I fear Nor Storms or

Night shall Keep me here

What may for Strength with Steel compare,
Oh Love has fetters Stronger far;
By bolts of Steel are Limbs confind,
But Cruel Love inchains the Mind.

No longer then perplex thy Breast,
When Thoughts Torment y first are past,
Tis mad to go to Death to stay,
Away my Jesse hast away.

German Flute

Ianthe and Iphis

Gently

pia. for.

Ianthe the Lovely the Joy of the Plain by Iphis was

lov'd and lov'd Iphis again

She liv'd in the Youth and the youth in the Hair their pleasure was

equal and equal their Care

Set to Musick by Mr. Arne

No Time nor Enjoyment their Dotage with drew but the longer they liv'd still the fonder they grew No Time nor Enjoyment their Dotage with drew But the longer they liv'd still the fonder they grew

A Passion so happy all arm'd all the plain,
Some envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd the Swain,
Some swore 'twoud be pity their Loves to invade;
That the Lovers alone for each other were made,
But all all Consented that none ever knew,
A Nymph yet so kind or a Shepherd so true.

Love saw them with pleasure, and vow'd to take Care,
Of the faithfull, the tender, the innocent Pair:
What either did want he bid either to move:
But they wanted nothing but ever to Love,
Said all that to please them his Godhead coud do,
That they still might be kind, & they still might be true.

Colins Invitation

Gently

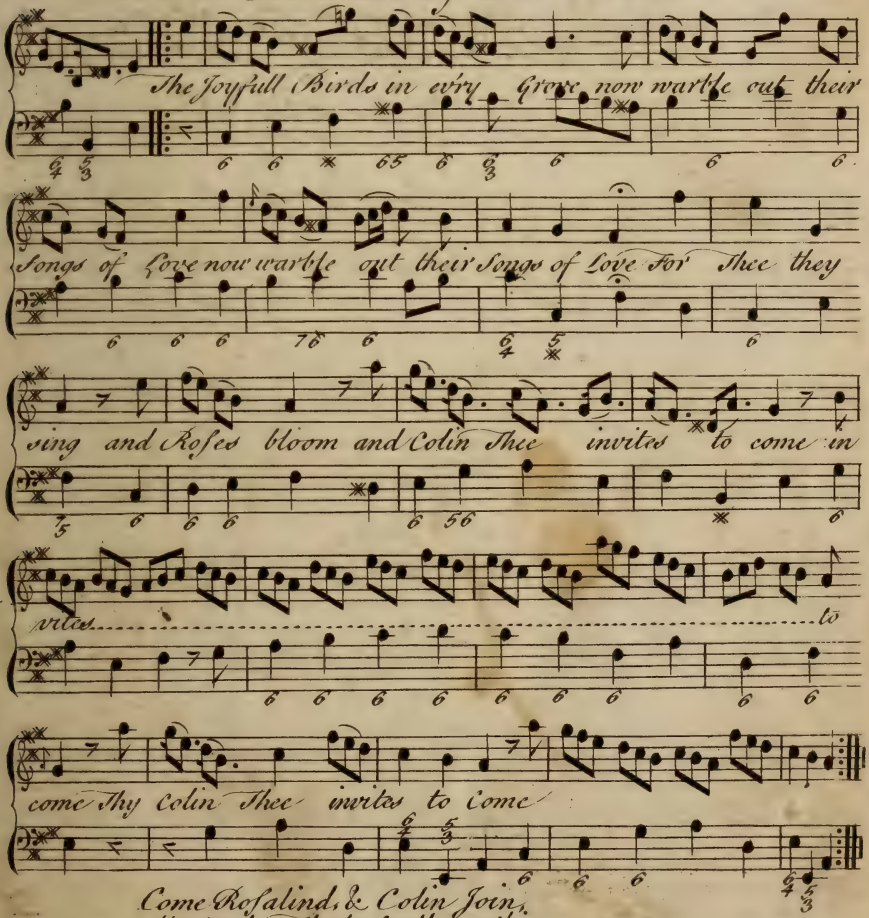
Come Rosalind oh come and see what

Pleasures are in store for thee The Flowers in all their

Sweets appear The Fields their gayest Beauties wear The

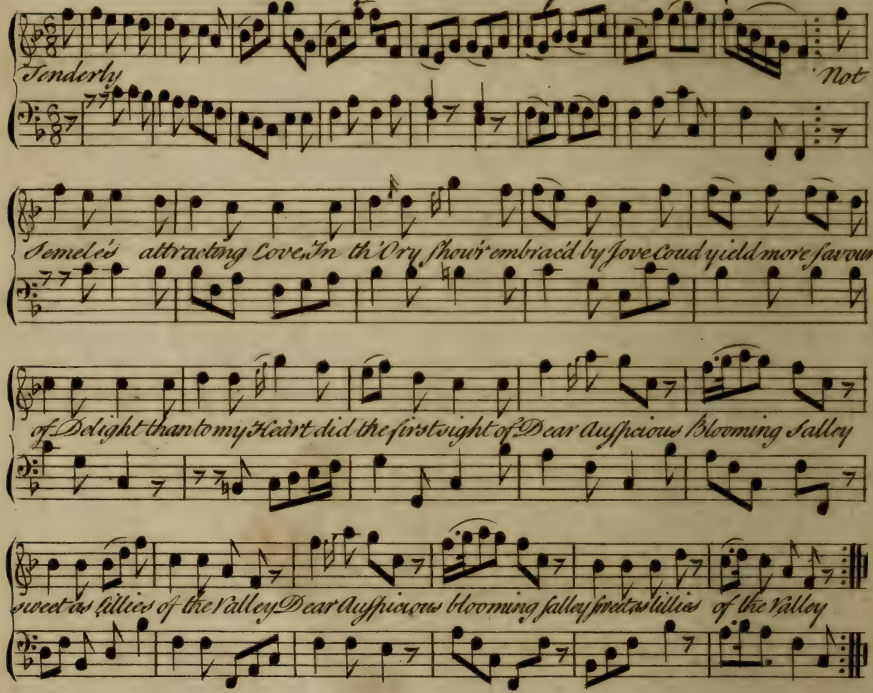
Fields their gayest Beauties wear

Set to Musick by Mr Arne


The Joyfull Birds in evry Grove now warble out their
Songs of Love now warble out their Songs of Love For Thee they
sing and Roses bloom and Colin Thee invites to come in
vites to
come Thy Colin Thee invites to Come

Come Rosalind & Colin Join,
My tender Flocks & all are thine,
If Love and Rosalind be here,
'Tis May & Pleasure all the Year,
Come See a Cottage and a Swain,
Thou canst my Love nor Gifts disdain;
Leave all behind nor longer Stay,
For Colin calls then haste away.

Blooming Salley


Tenderly
Not
Semele's attracting Love, In th'Ory Showr embraced by Jove Could yield more savour
of Delight than to my Heart did the first sight of Dear Auspicious Blooming Salley
sweet as Lillies of the Valley Dear Auspicious blooming Salley sweet as Lillies of the Valley

Joves guilty Passion him may lead.
From Semele, to Ganymede.
Long as the Solar Rays endure,
My constant flame shall blaze most pure
For dear &c.

I live but when the Fair is near
And breathe but in that Atmosphere
Where ev'ry Grace & ev'ry Sweet
Concenter'd in my Sally meet.
dear &c.

Her life is form'd on Wisdoms plan,
With Caution trusts to her Heart to Man,
The Lover that with her Succeeds,
Must be the Swan whose merit pleads
dear &c.

Her Person or her Vertues more,
Might tempt an Angel to adore,
Those Vertues prompt her to approve
The Softer Dialect of love.
dear &c.

My Guardian Genius teach me now,
My Passions lead, & tell me how,
I to her Arms approv'd may fly,
Or agonizing I shall die.
for dear &c.

A New Song Set by Mr. Oswald

Gently Let the

Nymphs still avoid & be deaf to the Swain who in Transports of pasion affects to com

plain for his Rage & his Love in that Frenzy is shewn and the Blast that blows loudest is

soon over blown & the Blast that blows loudest is soon over blown for his Rage & his Love in that

Frenzy is shewn the Blast that blows loudest is soon over blown

But the Shepherd whom Cupid has pierc'd to ye Heart,
Will Submissive adore, and rejoice at the Smart,
Or in plaintive soft Murmurs his Bosom felt woe,
Like the Smooth gliding Current of Rivers will flow.

Tho' Silent his Tongue he will plead with his Eyes,
And his Heart own your Sway in a Tribute of Sighs,
But when he accosts you in Meadow or Grove,
His Tale is so tender—he Coves like a Dove.

A Favourite Hymn of Eve in the Oratorio of Abel

Set by Mr Ofwald

How chearfull a-long the gay Mead The Daisey & Cowslip appear The Flocks as they carelessly Feed Rejoice in the Spring of the Year The Myrtles that shade the gay Bow'rs the Herbage that springs from my God Trees plants cooling fruits and sweet Flow'rs all rise to the praise of my God

Shall Man the great Master of all,
The only Insensible prove,
Forbid it fair — Gratitude's call,
Forbid it devotion and Love;
Thee Lord who such Wonders could raise,
And still can destroy with a Nod,
My Lips shall incessantly Praise,
My Soul shall be wrapt in my God.

The Wheel Barrow.

Recit.

As Porter Will along St. Pauls did move Depress't by weighty Load but more by

Love by chance y^e fair Cerissa there he found Crying her fine Heart

Cherrias round and sound Will Joyous in stant pitch then strait Carest her And

Tender he

leaning o'er her Barrow thus addrest her

Thy lips are Cherrias sweeter far Then those which in the

Barrow are with such a store of charms tis well you may have toll'n Hearts to

A Favourite Cantata

Sell with such a stare of charms tis well you may have stolen Hearts to sell

mine dear Cerrito too you know you stole it from me long a go and now I

stop to ask of thee To give it back or Mar ry me

to give it back or Marry me to give it back or Marry me

Cerrito a Archly leering as he spoke while all if cherry

blush'd upon her Cheek the mellowest Fruit unnoticed still'd a pace and sent like Thunder

Set to Musick by Mr Oswald

at his doleful face then grasp'd her barrow train soft along and looking round at Will's

umphant song shall I possest of all these

with Spirit

charms sleep nightly in a Porters Arms in Ambitious soul detest such sum & sighs for Conquest

yet to come fair youths my Sovereign pow'r shall fed ten Thousand Hearts still daily steal and

beautious Nymphs shall envious face round Heads & Dukes submit to me submit to me sub

mit to me crowned Heads & Dukes submit to me

Valentine's Day a Favourite Song

Moderately

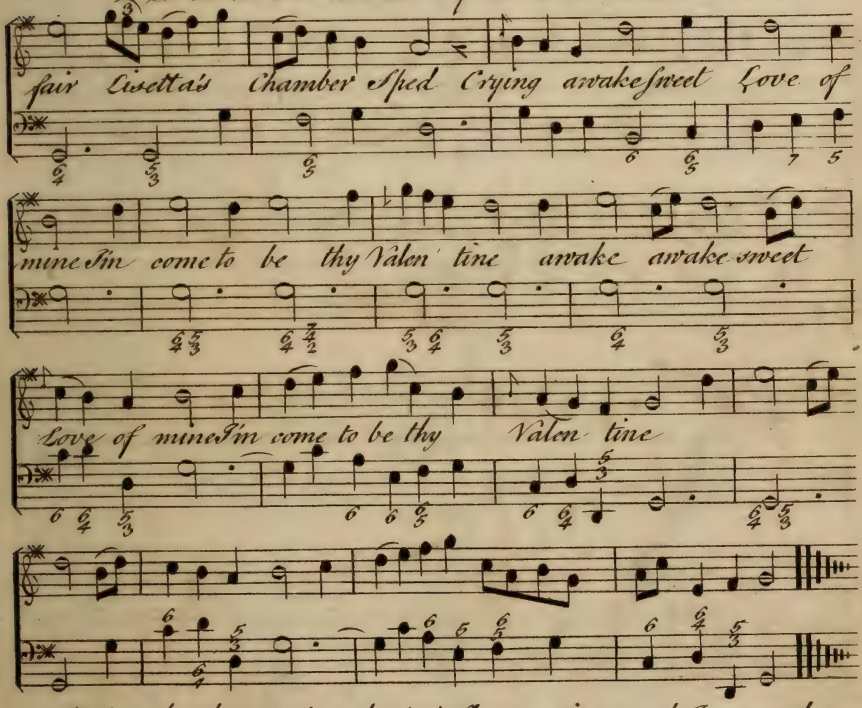
When Blushes dy'd the Cheek of Morn and

Dew drops glisten'd on the Thorn When

Sky Larks tun'd their Carrols sweet to hail the God of Light and heat

Philander from his downy Bed to

Set to Musick by Mr Arne


fair Lisetta's Chamber Sped Crying awake sweet Love of
mine I'm come to be thy Valen tine awake awake sweet
Love of mine I'm come to be thy Valen tine

Soft Love that balmy sleep denies,
Had long unveil'd her brilliant Eyes,
Which that a kiss she might Obtain,
She Artfully had clos'd again,
He sunk thus caught in Beatys trap
Like Phœbus in to Thetis Lap,
And near forgot that his design,
Was but to be her Valentine.

She starting, cry'd, I am undone,
Philander, charming youth begone,
For this time to your Vows sincere,
Make Vertue not your self appear,
No sleep has clos'd these weary'd Eyes,
Forgive the simple fond Disguise
To generous Thoughts your Heart indine
And be my faithfull Valentine.

The brutal Passion sudden fled,
Fair Honour gouvern'd in its stead,
And both agreed, ere setting Sun
To join two Vertuous Hearts in One,
Their beauteous Offspring soon did prove,
The sweet effects of mutual Love,
And from that Hour to Lifes decline,
She blest the Day of Valentine.

The Happy Bride

Ye nymphs whose Softer Souls Approve Touching strain of Heart felt

Love I'll tell you of the Gentlest Virgin ever graced the Rural plain If

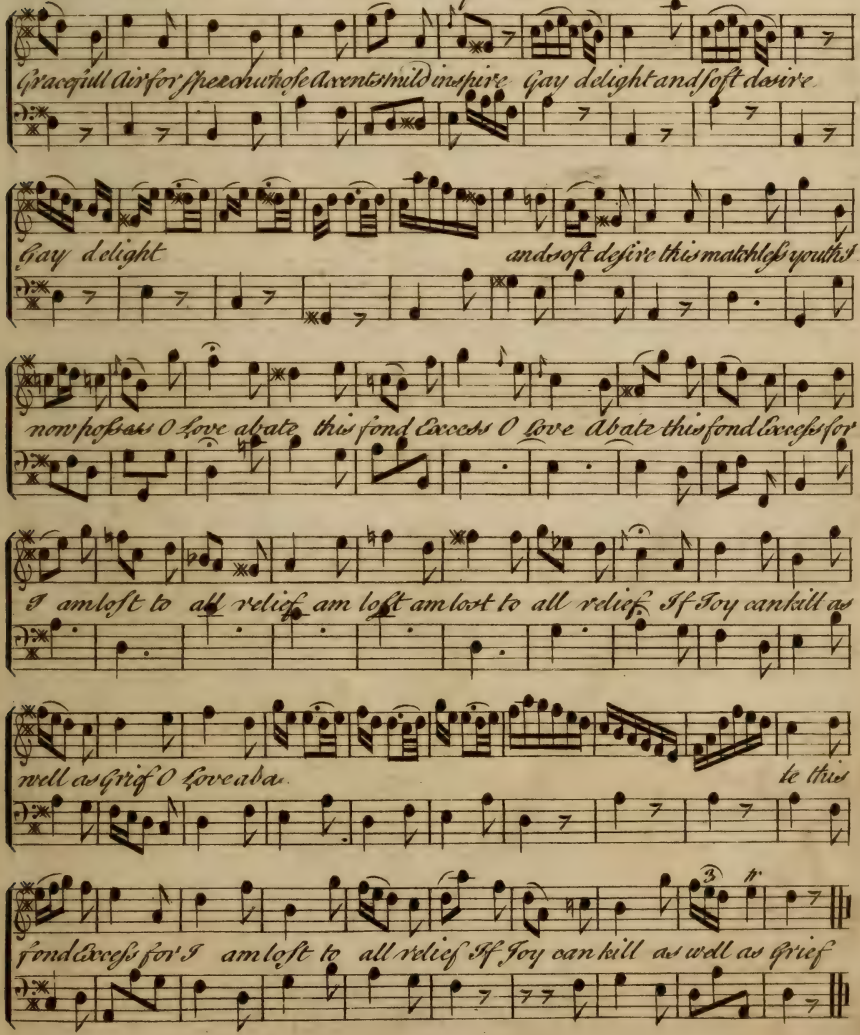
ever grace d the Rural Plain Whobut Lysander has the Pow'r to Brighten

ev'ry Darksom hour to Bright en ev'ry Darksom hour to call a smile from

Dimple Neck or make the Blood forsake the Cheek or make it Blood forsake

Cheek None with my Love could Ever compare for Manly Beauty

Set to Musick by Mr Arne


Gracefull Air for speech whose Accents mild inspire Gay delight and soft desire
Gay delight and soft desire this matchless youth
now pass O Love abate this fond Excess O Love abate this fond Excess for
I am lost to all relief am lost am lost to all relief If Joy can kill as
well as Grief O Love abate this
fond Excess for I am lost to all relief If Joy can kill as well as Grief

A Song for two Voices Set by Mr Wynne

Slowly

Happy is a Country Life Blest with Content good health and Ease

Happy is a Country Life Blest with Content good health and Ease

Free from factious Noise and Strife We only Plot our selves to Please

Free from factious Noise and Strife We only Plot our selves to Please

Peace of mind the Days Delight and Love our welcome Dream at Night

Peace of mind the Days Delight and Love our welcome Dream at Night

Hail green Fields and Shady Woods,
Hail Springs and Streams that still run pure;
Natures uncorrupted Goods,
Where Vertue only is Secure;
Free from Vice here free from Care,
Age is no pain and youth no Snare.